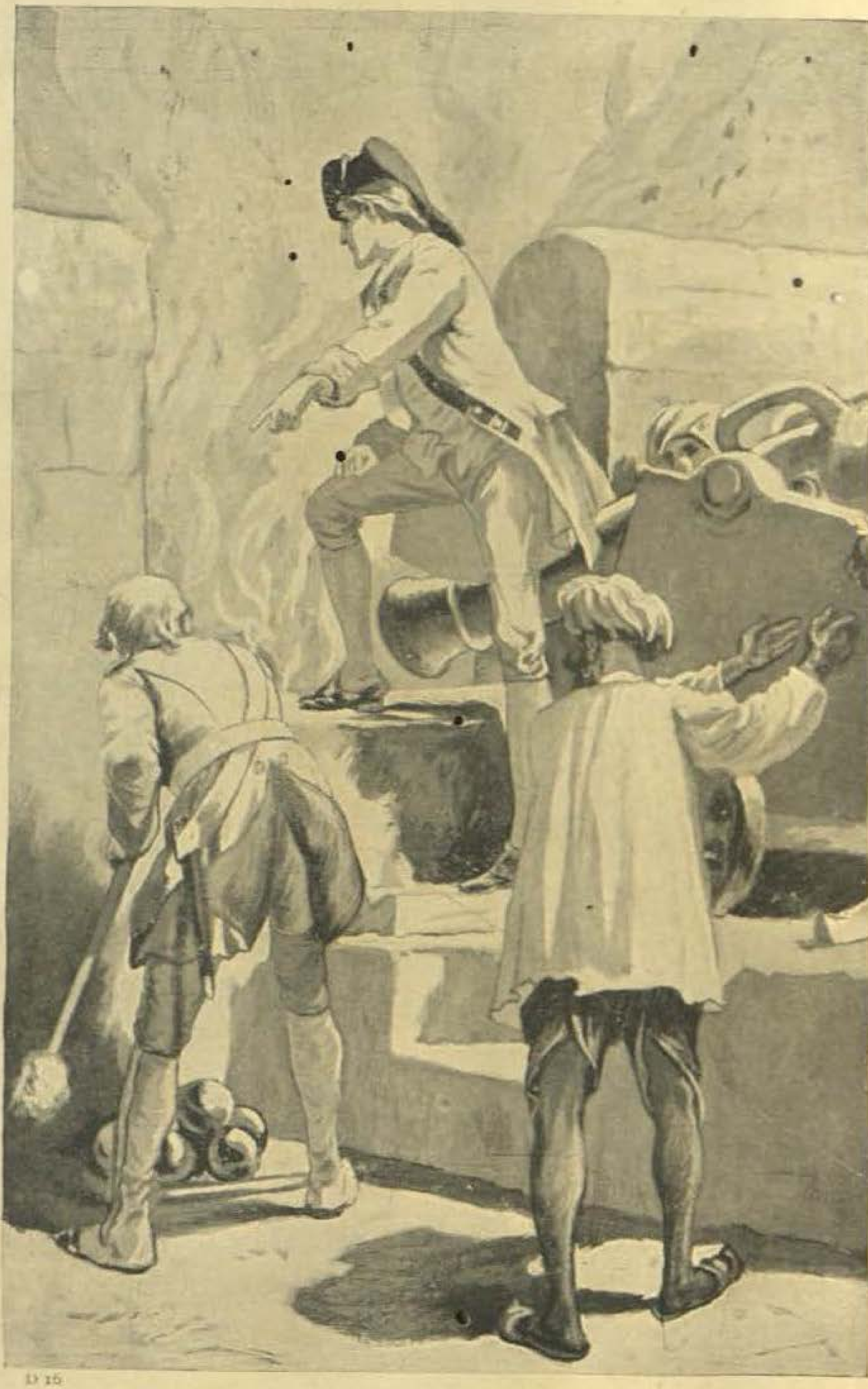


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"IF YOU ATTACK US, WE WILL BLOW UP THE MAGAZINE"

THE TALISMAN LIBRARY

WITH CLIVE IN INDIA

BY

G. A. HENTY

(1832-1902)

BLACKIE AND SON LIMITED
50 OLD BAILEY LONDON
GLASGOW AND BOMBAY

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Printed and bound in Great Britain

INTRODUCTION

In his "Essay on Clive" Macaulay says: "Every person who takes a fair and enlightened view of his whole career must admit that our island, so fertile in heroes and statesmen, has scarcely ever produced a man more truly great either in arms or in council". The praise is by no means excessive. What Clive did is almost without parallel. His name "leads", and rightly leads, the names of "all the rest" of the great empire-builders of the last three hundred years.

English trade with India began in the last decade of the sixteenth century, and the East India Company was incorporated by Royal Charter on the last day of the last year of the century, under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies". It was a purely commercial concern, a body of merchants having, by the authority of the monarch of England, the right granted unto them to trade with the East to the exclusion of the monarch's other subjects.

For a century the Portuguese had been trading with the East, and they claimed the sole right to so trade. This right was challenged almost simultaneously by the English and by the Dutch. The latter besides setting up trading places in India captured Malacca and took from the Portuguese some of their most valuable possessions in the Spice Islands. The Portuguese set themselves vigorously to oppose the establish-

ment of British trade with the East. They prevented Sir H Middleton from landing at Surat in 1611; and it was not till after their defeats off Suvali by Thomas Best that Aldworthe was able to procure an imperial grant and to establish a factory at Surat. It must be borne in mind that a factory as used historically means warehouses and offices where the *factor*, or agent for the Company, carries on his business. A still more decisive victory over the Portuguese was won by Nicholas Downton in 1615 and the fortunes of Portugal were further depressed by the capture of Ormuz on the Persian Gulf in 1622. Finally, Cromwell, in 1654, fully half a century after the founding of the East India Company, compelled Portugal to acknowledge the British right to trade with the East.

Meantime the Company had been extending its trade to the Coromandel Coast and to Bengal. About 1628 factories subordinate to Surat had been set up at Masulipatam and Pettapoli; and in 1639 Francis Day secured a grant of land from the Hindu Raja at Madras and there he built Fort St. George, which with the exception of Armagon was the first fortified place held by the Company. It was not till 1653, however, that Madras was made a Presidency independent of Bantam to which up to that time it had been subordinate. In 1633 Ralph Cartwright set up factories at Harsharpur and Balasore, where business was carried on till 1651, when through the good offices of Gabriel Broughton a surgeon in the household of the Viceroy of Bengal the English were able to establish themselves at the much more advantageous post at Hooghly. Then in 1658 the Bengal factories were made subordinate to Madras which itself was dependent on the older factory at Surat.

Owing to a quarrel with the Viceroy of Bengal, who refused to recognize the firman of the Mughal Emperor granting the

Company certain privileges, Job Charnock, the chief of the Bengal Council at Hooghly, withdrew down the river to Sutanati, the site of the modern Calcutta. From Sutanati the English were driven out after the failure of their attack on Chittagong, and were compelled to seek refuge on their ships and withdraw to Madras, where they remained for over a year. Then on submitting to Aurangzeb and paying a heavy fine they were allowed to return to Bengal. It was not till 1690 that Charnock was allowed to return—was, indeed, invited to return by the reigning Nawab, Ibrahim Khan. Charnock came back, and supported by a small bodyguard of thirty soldiers began to build on the mud flat assigned to him and to fortify the position. The fort was called Fort William after the reigning King of Britain, William of Orange, who had deposed his father-in-law James II.

In 1661 Charles II married Catherine of Braganza, and received Bombay from the Portuguese as part of her dowry. A few years later Charles, not realizing the value of the place assigned it to the East India Company for the small annual rent of £10. The following year, 1669, Gerald Angier, the President of Surat from 1669 to 1677 founded the city of Bombay. He foresaw the future greatness of the place, speaking of it as "the city which by God's assistance is to be built". Bombay at that time was cut off from the mainland by the island of Salsette, where the Portuguese had established a custom house preventing free trade between the town and the shore. Although the court of directors would not incur the expense of employing experienced engineers. Angier managed to fortify the town and the shore, and in 1670 he was able to frighten away a strong Dutch fleet which tried to surprise the island. Two years later he transferred the Company's headquarters from Surat to Bombay; and, under the

free and tolerant system introduced by him the place began to increase rapidly in population. Parsees and Armenians sought in crowds a city where they could carry on their business, and practise their religion without interference. The population increased rapidly. Courts of justice and courts of appeal were set up. A police force was formed and a gaol was built in the bazaar. Bombay, it must be remembered, was not only threatened by the Dutch from the sea, but was also threatened by the Malabar pirates, while from the land side it was threatened by the Mahrattas. The Mughal admirals claimed the right to use Bombay harbour for winter quarters; and, during the struggle between them and the Mahrattas, Bombay seemed for a time helpless against either. The East India Company was a purely commercial concern; but it had been forced by circumstances to employ soldiers to defend its storehouses. Its niggardly treatment of these soldiers of fortune led more than once to mutiny. In 1683 there was a more than usually violent outbreak against the Company, provoked by the tyranny of John Child the President of Surat. Richard Keigwin, a naval officer, who had been made Governor of St. Helena as a reward for the share he had in the taking of that island from the Dutch in 1673, was by popular vote chosen Governor of Bombay. He issued a proclamation in the king's name stating the "intolerable extortions, oppressions and exactions" of the Company; and declaring that, "We are therefore resolved not to suffer these abuses any longer, but revolt to his Majesty, taking all our possessions for his use". Keigwin held Bombay for more than a year. He governed the city well and wisely; he reformed the system of taxation, and obtained many valuable concessions from the Marathas. Then he surrendered the island on honourable terms to a king's officer.

From very early in its history a struggle had been going on between the Company and individuals who refused to acknowledge the Company's claim to the sole right to trade with the East. In 1693 Sir Joshua Child by the use of bribery and other questionable means, managed to secure from the Crown a new Charter. But this only provoked the anger of the House of Commons, which, the following year, passed a resolution that, "All the subjects of England have a right to trade to the East Indies unless prohibited by Act of Parliament".

In 1698, almost a hundred years after the East India Company was formed, a new association was made by Act of Parliament. "A General Society having the exclusive trade to India saving the rights of the old Company", and these terminated in 1701. Then followed a bitter struggle between the two Companies which was carried on without any regard to their country's interests. The new Company sent out Presidents of their own, and between them and the Presidents appointed by the old Company there were lively passages of arms; while at home the East India trade became a burning political question. At length in 1702 the two Companies were forced into a working alliance, which after six years of negotiation and of squabbling was turned into an amalgamation of the "London" and the "English" Companies, which from that time carried on their activities under the style of "The United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies". From this time the Presidencies grew steadily in importance and in population. The aims of the British it must be remembered were purely commercial. They sought a profitable trade with the East, but had no desire whatever for military power or for the acquisition of territory.

The war of 1686 to 1690 had convinced the Company that

it could no longer trust to defenceless factories. Towards the end of the seventeenth and during the early part of the eighteenth century, there was a gradual decay, or breaking up of the Mughal Empire. The great feudatories set up what were practically independent powers; new powers sprang into existence such as the Marathas, and extended their dominions widely.

For the most part these new rulers had no measure of right but might; and the Company was compelled to spend part of its trading gains in precautionary defensive measures. Moreover a new state of affairs had arisen. In 1664 Colbert founded his famous Compagnie des Indes, which had for its object the acquisition of a share of the trade with India hitherto divided among the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the British. The first French factory in India was established by Caron, a renegade Dutchman, in 1668. A few years later Pondicherry was founded, and at nearly the same time the French established their first Bengal fort at Chandernagore. The Dutch captured Pondicherry in 1693, but in accordance with the terms of the treaty of Ryswick had to restore it to France in 1697.

Almost the whole energies of France during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV were devoted to the prosecution of the War of the Spanish Succession, and very little interest was taken in the comparatively recent and remote adventures in India. The Company received very little help from France, and it was reduced to such a pitiable condition financially that it was forced to assign its trading rights to some enterprising St. Malo merchants. The French E. I. C. like so many other concerns was taken over later by Law, and became a part of his great "Company of the West". In 1719, on Law's downfall it was reconstituted as the "Perpetual Com-

pany of the Indies ", and within a very short time the prospect of the French in India became very much brighter.

Various other countries had tried to establish companies whose business it was to carry on trade with India, reputedly the wealthiest country in the world. Of these mention may be made of Denmark which established a settlement at Tranquebar in 1620 and another at Serampore fully half a century later.

In 1722, the Ostend Company was incorporated by the Holy Roman Emperor. It is said that Prince Eugene urged the creation of this company which he held would constitute the nucleus of a German fleet with a strong naval station at Ostend and another at Fiume. The company made settlements at Covelong on the Coromandel Coast and at Bankibazar on the Hooghly. The Companies already in existence objected strongly to this new rival, and in order to procure the support of England and Holland for the Pragmatic Sanction, which secured to his daughter Maria Theresa the succession to his dominions the Emperor sacrificed the Ostend Company. Suspended in Europe, its possessions were attacked by its enemies in the East and it soon became merely a name in India.

It must be clearly remembered that the English Company remained for over a century purely a commercial concern estimating by its dividends the success attending its efforts. The losses it suffered in its fight with the Mughal, 1686 to 1690, caused it to adopt measures of self-defence, to enlist soldiers for the protection of its property.

Shortly afterwards on the death of Aurangzeb in 1707 the great feudatories of the Mughal Emperor in the Deccan became practically independent; and among the local chieftains and the soldiers of fortune who aimed at acquiring kingdoms or

principalities, quarrels broke out. These promised to make the interference in native affairs of the more civilized Europeans profitable, and so led to that struggle which Clive did so much to make a success for Great Britain.

The French were the first Europeans to interfere in the political affairs of Southern India. Dumas, the Governor of Pondicherry, thought that he could make use for the benefit of France of the disturbed condition of the Deccan. There was a struggle for the sovereignty of Tanjore, and Dumas interfered on behalf of one of the pretenders, and received as a reward the session of the town of Karikal on the Coromandel Coast in 1739. In the following year, after the defeat of Dost Ali, the Nawab of the Carnatic, by the Marathas, he received into Pondicherry the families of the late Nawab and of his son-in-law Chanda Sahib and refused to surrender them. The Mughal Emperor recognized his services by making Dumas a Nawab with the right to command 4500 horse. Dumas was given the right to transfer this title and power to his successor Dupleix who took command at Pondicherry in 1741.

Dupleix had already shown his ability by his successful management of the affairs of Chandernagore the French settlement on the Hooghly. He understood the condition of native affairs much better than the business men who were presidents of the English factories. Besides, his rank entitled him to treat of affairs with the native princes on a footing of equality.

In 1741 the war known as the War of the Austrian Succession broke out between Britain and France. The British supported the claim of Maria Theresa to the dominions of her father Charles VI, and the French supported her rival Charles Albert of Bavaria; but it was not till March 1744 that the two countries found themselves formally at war.

From 1740 Labourdonnais, a famous sea captain who was

Governor of Mauritius and Bourbon, foreseeing the outbreak of war between Britain and France had planned an attack on British ships trading with the East Indies. He had succeeded by the help of the French minister Maurepas in forcing the company to supply him with a fleet with which he sailed to Mauritius in 1741. In 1742 the company ordered him to send back the ships. Labourdonnais obeyed; but almost immediately after the fleet had started he received another dispatch cancelling the order.

Meantime the Government which had been informed of Labourdonnais' design sent out a fleet under Commodore Barnet. This fleet threatened Pondicherry but was warned by the Nawab that he would not allow fighting between nations under his protection. Later, Labourdonnais equipped and manned a fleet with which he proposed to attack the British East Indiamen sailing round the Cape of Good Hope. Dupleix suggested to him that an attack on Madras would be more effective; and, a squadron of French ships having arrived to reinforce his fleet, Labourdonnais set sail from Mauritius on the 26th of March, 1746. Peyton, who had succeeded Barnet in the command of the British fleet, tried to bar his passage but was driven back at Negapatam by Labourdonnais who anchored in the roads of Pondicherry early in June. In the beginning of September he set sail for Madras, which after a few days' bombardment surrendered. The only place on the Coromandel Coast then left to the British was Fort St. David, a few miles south of Pondicherry, where Clive and some other English refugees sought shelter. Labourdonnais quarrelled with Dupleix about the agreement which the former had made with the Company's officials, an agreement Dupleix would not allow him to keep. Later, Labourdonnais' fleet was shattered by a storm and he was forced to return to Mauritius

to refit, but he left twelve hundred disciplined troops behind him and these enabled Dupleix to make excursions into the Deccan, and to lay siege to Fort St. David. They also enabled him to repel the attack on Madras of the Nawab, who was angry because the fort had not been made over to him, and marched with a force of 10,000 to drive the French out of the place.

Dupleix failed in his attack on Fort St. David, and the arrival of a powerful fleet under the command of Admiral Boscawen completely changed the condition of affairs. Pondicherry was invested by sea, while a land force under Major Stringer Lawrence attacked it on the land side. The French defence was brilliant. The British managed matters badly, and were forced to raise the siege early in October. They had lost more than a thousand men.

By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle peace was restored in India, and Madras, or as it was called Fort St. George, was given back to the British in exchange for Cape Breton. The result of the struggle so far was a considerable increase in French prestige. They had captured the enemy's chief stronghold on the Coromandel Coast, and had repelled his attack on their own walls. A young English ensign named Clive, who had been a clerk in Fort St. George, and taken to Pondicherry as a prisoner by the French, but had escaped to Fort St. David. took part in the siege. Shortly after its failure and after the restoration of Madras to the Company, Clive went back for a short time to his work as a clerk. But he remained a civilian for only a short time.

Both the British and the French had been left by the peace with larger forces in garrison than they formerly had. Partly to utilize these and partly tempted by the offer of the town of Devikottai at the mouth of the Coleroon, the Governor of

Madras interfered in the affairs of Tanjore. A small force under Major Lawrence in which Clive acted as lieutenant was sent to support the dispossessed Raja. The expedition was only moderately successful; but Clive by his daring, amounting according to James Mill to rashness, added considerably to his reputation as a soldier. On the return of the expedition Clive again went back for a short time to civil employment; but an attack of fever forced him to go to Bengal for change of air.

Dupleix now turned his attention to political intrigue. The death of the Nizam-ul-Mulk, the actual overlord of Southern India in 1748, left the succession to be contested by his sons.

In the Deccan Dupleix supported Muzaffar Jang, a grandson of the late Nizam against the reigning prince Nasir Jang, the son of the Nizam; and on the latter's assassination in 1750, caused his protegé to be enthroned at Pondicherry as ruler of the Deccan. Muzaffar Jang was killed in 1751, and Bussy, who was in command of the French troops at Hyderabad, setting aside the infant son of Muzaffar, established Salabat Jang on the throne of Hyderabad.

A similar success attended Dupleix's policy in the Carnatic. Anwar-ud-din the Nawab had quarrelled with the French about the seizure of Fort St. George, and had tried without success to expel them from the place. The French governor brought forward Chanda Sahib as a claimant to the Nawabship. Anwar-ud-din was defeated and killed at the Battle of Ambur in 1749, and Chanda Sahib was proclaimed Nawab.

Dupleix's success seemed almost complete, but not quite. After the defeat and death of Anwar-ud-din, Muhammad Ali, a connection of the vanquished ruler, fled for refuge to the fortress of Trichinopoly. There he was besieged by Chanda Sahib with a large force, and it was while this siege was in progress that Clive, now a captain who had been sent forward

with reinforcement, conceived the plan of compelling the Nawab to raise the siege of Trichinopoly. He thought that this could be done by seizing Arcot the capital of the Carnatic. He was right, and the successes that attended his efforts, then and later, are told in the story *With Clive in India*.

WITH CLIVE IN INDIA

CHAPTER I

LEAVING HOME

It was but six months since Charlie Marryat had lost his father, who was the officer in command at the coast-guard station, and whose scanty pension was now all that remained for the support of his widow and children.

Charlie, although an only son, was not an only child, as he had two sisters both younger than himself. After a few months of effort, Mrs. Marryat found that the utmost she could hope to do with her scanty income was to maintain herself and her daughters and to educate them until they should reach an age when they could earn their own living as governesses, but that Charlie's keep and education were beyond her resources. She had, therefore, very reluctantly written to an uncle whom she had not seen for many years, and begged him to use his influence to obtain for Charlie a situation of some sort. The letter which she now held in her hand was the answer to the appeal.

"My dear Niece,—I yesterday dined with a friend who is one of the directors of the Hon. East India Company, and at my request he has kindly placed a writership in the Company at your son's service. He will have to come up to London to see the board next week, and will probably have to embark for India a fortnight later. I shall be glad if he will take up

his abode with me during the intervening time. I shall be glad also if you will favour me with a statement of your income and expenses, with such details as you may think necessary. I enclose four five-pound bank-notes, in order that your son may obtain such garments as may be immediately needful for his appearance before the board of directors and for his journey to London. I remain, my dear niece, yours sincerely,

"JOSHUA TUFTON."

"It is cruel," Mrs. Marryat sobbed—"cruel to take you away from us and send you to India."

Charlie did his best to console his mother by telling her how every one who went to India made fortunes, and how he should be sure to come back with plenty of money, and that when the girls grew up he should be able to find rich husbands for them; and at last he succeeded in getting her to look at matters in a less gloomy light. "And I'm sure, mother," he said, "uncle means most kindly. He sends twenty pounds, you see, and says that that is for immediate necessities; so I have no doubt he means to help to get my outfit, or at any rate to advance money which I can repay him out of my salary. The letter is rather stiff and business-like, of course, but I suppose that's his way; and you see he asks about your income, so perhaps he means to help you with money for the girls' education. I should go away very happy if I knew that you would be able to get on comfortably."

The next day Mrs. Marryat wrote thanking her uncle for his kindness, and saying that Charlie would go round to London by the packet which sailed on the following Monday, and would, if the wind were fair and all went well, reach London on the Wednesday.

On Monday morning, after a sad farewell to his family, Charlie embarked on board the *Yarmouth Belle*, a packet which performed the journey to and from London once a fortnight.

It was not, however, till Thursday afternoon that she dropped anchor in the Pool. Charlie was soon on shore, and giving his trunk to a porter desired him to lead the way to Bread Street, the street in which his uncle resided. On giving his name he was shown upstairs to a large room which was lighted by a fire blazing in the grate. Standing with his back to this was a gentleman whom he at once recognized from his mother's description as her uncle, although he was a good deal more portly than when she had seen him last.

"So you are my grand-nephew," he said, holding out what Charlie considered to be a very limp and flabby hand towards him.

"Yes, Uncle," Charlie said cheerfully; "and we are very much obliged to you, mamma and I, for your kindness."

"Humph!" the old gentleman grunted. "And how is it," he asked severely, "that you were not here yesterday? My niece's letter led me to expect that you would arrive yesterday."

"We came as fast as we could, Uncle," Charlie laughed; "but of course the time depends upon the wind. The captain tells me that he has been as much as three weeks coming round."

A silence followed, and then Mr. Tufton said: "I always dine at two o'clock; but as probably you are hungry—I have observed that boys always are hungry—some food will be served you in the next room. After that you may like to take a walk in the streets. I have supper at nine, by which hour you will, of course, have returned."

Charlie, as he ate his meal, thought that his uncle was a pompous old gentleman, and that it would be hard work getting on with him for the next three weeks. However, he consoled himself by the thought "Kind is as kind does". When Charlie returned from a ramble through the streets he found his uncle sitting by the fire, and his uncle said:

"And you, sir, do you like the thought of going to India?"

"Yes, Uncle, I like the thought very much, though I would rather, if I may say so, have gone as a cadet."

"The stupidity of boys is unaccountable. It's a splendid career, sir, that I have opened to you; but if I'd known that you had no ambition I would have put you into my own counting-house, though there, that wouldn't have done either, for I know you would have blotted the ledger and turned all the accounts topsy-turvy. And now, sir, supper is ready;" and the old gentleman led the way into the next room.

Upon the following day Charlie was introduced by his uncle to the director who had given him his nomination, and was told by him that the board would sit upon the following day, and that he must call at the India House at eleven o'clock. The ordeal was not a formidable one. He was shown into a room where eight or ten elderly gentlemen were sitting round a large table. Among these was his friend of the day before. He was asked a question or two about his age, his father's profession, and his place of education. Then the gentleman at the head of the table nodded to him, and said he could go, and instructions would be sent to him, and that he was to prepare to sail in the *Lizzie Anderson*, which would leave the docks in ten days' time, and that he would be for the present stationed at Madras. Much delighted at having got through the ordeal so easily, Charlie returned to his uncle's. He did not venture to penetrate into the latter's counting-house, but awaited his coming upstairs to dinner, to tell him the news.

"Humph!" said his uncle; "it is lucky they did not find out what a fool you were at once. I was rather afraid that even the two minutes would do it. After dinner I will send my clerk round with you to get the few things which are necessary for your voyage."

After dinner was over, Charlie went out under the charge of an old clerk and visited tailors' and outfitters' shops. He was absolutely appalled at the magnitude of the orders. In vain he remonstrated, and begged the clerk at any rate to wait

until he had spoken to his uncle. The clerk, however, replied that he had received instructions, and that Mr. Tufton never permitted his orders to be questioned.

"You don't suppose," Mr. Tufton said sternly, "that I'm going to have my nephew go out to India with the outfit of a cabin-boy. I ordered that you were to have the proper outfit of a gentleman, and I requested my clerk to order a considerable portion of the things to be made of a size which will allow for your growing, for you look to me as if you were likely enough to run up into a lanky giant of six feet high. I suppose he has done as I ordered him. Don't let me hear another word on the subject."

CHAPTER II

THE YOUNG WRITER

For the next four days Charlie followed his uncle's instructions and amused himself. On the fifth day a great surprise awaited him. His uncle at breakfast had told him briefly that he did not wish him to go out before dinner, as some one might want to see him, and Charlie, supposing that a messenger might be coming down from the India House, waited indoors, and an hour later he was astonished when the door of the room opened and his mother and sisters entered.

"Oh, my dear, he has been so kind," his mother said, "and so funny! He wrote me such a scolding letter, just as if I had been a very naughty little girl. He said he wasn't going to allow me to bring disgrace upon him by living in wretched lodgings at Yarmouth, nor by his grand-nieces being sent out as governesses. So he ordered me at once, ordered me, Charlie, as if I had no will of my own, to give up the lodgings and to take our places in the coach yesterday morning. He

said we were not to shame him by appearing here in rags, and he sent me a hundred pounds, every penny of which, he said, was to be laid out in clothes. As to the future, he said it would be his duty to see that I brought no further disgrace upon the family."

"Yes, and he's been just as kind to me, mother. As I told you when I wrote, he has ordered an enormous outfit, which will, I am sure, cost hundreds of pounds. He makes me go to the playhouses and all sorts of amusements, and all the time he has been so kind he scolds, and grumbles, and predicts that I shall be hanged."

"I'm sure you won't," Kate, his youngest sister, said indignantly. "How can he say such a thing!"

"He doesn't mean it," Charlie laughed; "it's only his way. He will go on just the same way with you, I have no doubt; but you mustn't mind, you know, and mustn't laugh, but must look quite grave and serious. Ah! here he is. Oh, Uncle, this is kind of you!"

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his uncle, "and try and learn not to speak to your elders unless you are addressed. Niece Mary," he said, kissing her upon the forehead, "I am glad to see you again. You are not so much changed as I expected. And these are my grand-nieces, Elizabeth and Kate, though why Kate I don't know. It is a fanciful name and new to the family, and I am surprised that you didn't call her Susanna, after your grandmother."

Kate made a little face at the thought of being called Susanna. However, a warning glance from Charlie closed her lips just as she was about to express her decided preference for her own name. Mr. Tufton kissed them both, muttering to himself:

"I suppose I ought to kiss them. Girls always expect to be kissed at every opportunity. What are you laughing at, grand-niece? I am afraid that you intend to be sarcastic. This is a hateful habit in a man, worse in a woman. Cure

yourself of it as speedily as possible, or Heaven help the unhappy man who may some day be your husband. And now," he said, "ring the bell. The housekeeper will show you to your rooms."

The remainder of Charlie's stay in London passed most pleasantly. They visited all the sights of the town, Mr. Tufton performing what he called his duty with an air of protest, but showing a general thoughtfulness and desire to please his visitors which was very apparent even when he grunted and grumbled the most.

On the evening before he started Mr. Tufton called Charlie down into his counting-house.

"To-morrow you are going to sail," he said, "and to start in life on your own account, and I trust that you will, as far as possible, be steady and do your duty to your employers. You will understand that although the pay of a writer is not high there are opportunities for advancement. The Company have the monopoly of the trade in India, and in addition to their great factories at Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras they have many other trading stations. Those who by their good conduct attract the attention of their superiors rise to positions of trust and emolument. There are many who think that the Company will in time enlarge its operations; and, as they do so, superior opportunities will offer themselves, and since the subject of India has been prominently brought before my notice I have examined the question and am determined to invest somewhat largely in the stock of the Company, a step which will naturally give me some influence with the board. That influence I shall, always supposing that your conduct warrants it, exercise on your behalf. As we are now at war with France, and it is possible that the vessel in which you are proceeding may be attacked by the way, I have thought it proper that you should be armed. You will therefore find in your cabin a brace of pistols, a rifle, and a double-barrel shot-gun, which last, I am informed, is a useful weapon at close quarters.

I have arranged that you will draw from the factor at Madras the sum of two hundred pounds annually in addition to your pay. It is clearly my duty to see that my nephew has every fair opportunity for making his way. Now, go upstairs at once to your mother. I have letters to write, and am too busy for talking."

So saying, with a peremptory wave of his hand he dismissed his nephew.

"Well, Mother," Charlie said, after telling her of his uncle's generosity, "thank goodness you will be all right now anyhow. No doubt uncle intends to do something for you and the girls, though he has said nothing at present beyond the fact that you are not to be in wretched lodgings and they are not to go out as governesses. But even if he should change his mind, and I don't think he ever does that, I shall be able to help you. Oh, he is kind, isn't he?"

A week later the *Lizzie Anderson* was running down the Spanish coast with all sail set. She was out of sight of land, and so far had seen nothing likely to cause uneasiness. They had met many vessels homeward bound from the Mediterranean, and one or two big ships which the captain pronounced to be Indiamen. That morning, however, a vessel was seen coming out from the land. She seemed to Charlie's eyes quite a small vessel, and he was surprised to see how often the captain and officers turned their glasses towards her.

Charlie stood near the captain, who, instead of watching her, was sweeping the horizon with his glass. Presently he paused and gazed intently at a distant object.

"I thought so," he said to the first officer. "I fancied that fellow wasn't alone. He would hardly have ventured to try his strength with us if he had been. Send a man up to the tops and let him see what he can make her out to be. I can only see her topmasts, but I can make out no yards."

Presently the look-out came down and reported that the

distant vessel appeared to be a large fore-and-aft schooner bearing down upon them.

"She will not be up for two hours yet," the captain said. "It will be getting dark then. It is not likely they will engage at night, but they will keep close and show their teeth at daybreak."

It quickly became known that the belief of the captain was that the vessel in their wake, and that which could be seen approaching on the beam, were French privateers, and soon all were preparing in their own way for what might happen. The sailors cleared the decks and loosed the guns. The gentlemen went below and shortly returned bringing up rifles and fowling-pieces. Small-arms and cutlasses were brought up and piled round the masts.

Seeing the gentlemen go below for their guns Charlie asked one of the other young writers, a lad of about his own age, named Peters, with whom he had become very friendly, to go below with him. He had not yet examined the arms that his uncle had given him, for he had not thought of them since he saw the gun-cases under his berth on his first arrival on board ship. He found the doctor already in his cabin putting together a heavy double-barrelled gun.

"Well, youngster," he said, "so we're likely to have a brush. I see you have a couple of gun-cases under your berth. You are a good deal better provided than most lads who go out as writers. Ah! that's a beautiful piece of yours," he said, as Charlie unlocked one of the cases and took out a rifle, a small bore and a heavy barrel, and beautifully finished. "With a greased patch and a heavy charge that ought to carry a bullet far and true. Have you had any practice?"

"Not with this gun, sir. I used sometimes to practise shooting at gulls with a musket on board the cutter my father commanded, and I got to be a fair shot with it."

"Then you ought to be able to do good work with such a piece as that. What is in the other case? Ah! that's a

beauty too," he said as he examined the double-barrelled gun.

"Now, Peters," Charlie said, "you take the double-barrel; I will use the rifle. Mine will come into play first, but, as my uncle said when he gave it me, yours will do most execution at close quarters."

CHAPTER III

A BRUSH WITH PRIVATEERS

As soon as dawn broke every man on board the *Lizzie Anderson* was at his post.

The schooners were now running rapidly down upon the Indiaman. They were only able to use the guns in their bows, and the fire of the Indiaman from the heavy guns on her quarter was inflicting more damage than she received.

"Let all hands lie down on deck," the captain ordered, "they will open with their broadside guns as they come up. When I give the word let all the guns on the port side be trained at the foot of her mainmast, and fire as you get the line. On the starboard side lie down till I give the word."

Then the captain gave the word, and a moment afterwards an irregular broadside, as the captain of each gun brought his piece to bear, was poured into the schooner from the guns on the port side. As the privateer heeled over, her deck could be plainly seen, and the shot of the Indiaman, all directed at one point, tore up a hole around the foot of the mainmast. In an instant the spar tottered and with a crash fell alongside. At the same moment three of the passengers took a steady aim over the bulwark at the helmsman of the other privateer, and simultaneously with the reports of their pieces the man was seen to fall. Another sprang forward to take his place, but again the rifles spoke out, and he fell beside his comrade.

"That will do," the captain said quietly; "now we may keep her on her course, they have had more than enough of it."

An examination showed that the casualties on board the *Lizzie Anderson* amounted to three killed and eight wounded. The former were sewn in hammocks and dropped overboard with a round shot at their feet, the clergyman reading the burial service. The wounded were carried below and attended to by the ship's surgeon and Dr. Rae. The ship's decks were washed and all traces of the conflict removed. The guns were again lashed in their places, carpenters were lowered over the side to repair damages; and, when the ladies came on deck an hour after the conflict was over, two or three ragged holes in the bulwarks and a half-dozen in the sails were the sole signs that the ship had been in action, save that some miles astern could be seen the two crippled privateers with all sails lowered at work to repair damages.

After rounding the Cape of Good Hope the ship encountered a series of very heavy gales, which drove her far out of her course up the eastern coast of Africa. In the last gale her foremast was carried away, and she put in to a small island to refit. She had also sprung a leak, and a number of stores were landed to enable her to be taken up into shallow water and heeled over in order that the leak might be got at.

Before proceeding to lighten the ship the captain had taken steps to put himself in a position of defence.

CHAPTER IV

THE PIRATES OF THE INDIAN OCEAN

A regular watch was set both on the plateau and on board ship. Towards morning one of the watch on board hailed the officer above:

"I have fancied, sir, for some time that I heard noises. It seems to me like the splash of a very large number of oars."

The male passengers were requested to divide themselves into two parties, and to join the soldiers in defending the position against flank attacks. The guns were all loaded, and the sailors then set to work dragging up bales of goods from below, and placing them so as to form a sort of breast-work before the guns along the sea face.

Presently, against the faintly dawning light in the east, the masts of two vessels could be seen. One was a large ship, the other a brig. As the light increased it could be seen that in addition to the two ships were a large number of native dhows. Presently from the black side of the ship a jet of fire shot out, and at the signal a broadside was poured into the Indiaman by the two vessels. At the same moment with a hideous yell hundreds of black figures leaped to their feet on the beach and rushed towards the, as yet unseen, position of the English.

The steep ascent checked them, but they rushed up until within ten yards of the line of soldiers on its brow. Then Mr. Hallam gave the word to fire, and the soldiers and passengers poured a withering volley into them. At so short a distance the effect was tremendous.

The combat was, however, doubtful, for their assailants were many hundred strong, when the defenders were gladdened with a shout of "Make way, my hearties. Let us come to the front and give them a dose."

In a moment two ship's guns loaded to the muzzle with bullets were run forward, and poured their contents among the crowded masses below. The effect was decisive.

It was evident now that the pirates were deserting the ship. They had fallen into a complete trap, and instead of the easy prey on which they calculated, found themselves crushed by the fire of a heavy battery in a commanding position.

The ship was found to be the *Dover Castle*, a new and very fast ship of the Company's service, of which all traces had

been lost since she left Bombay two years before. She was now painted entirely black and a snake had been added for her figure-head. The original name, however, still remained upon the binnacle and ship's bell. Her former armament had been increased and she now carried thirty guns, of which ten were thirty-two pounders. A subsequent search showed that her hold was stored with valuable goods.

Another ten days was spent in getting the cargo and guns on board the *Lizzie Anderson*, and in fitting out both ships for sea. Then, Mr. James and a portion of the crew being placed on board the prize, they sailed together for India. The *Dover Castle* proved to be much the faster sailer, but Captain Thompson ordered her to reduce sail and to keep about a mile in his wake, so that she could at any time when necessary close up; and the two together would be able to oppose a determined front even to a French frigate, should they meet with one on their way.

The voyage passed without incident, save that when rounding the southern point of Ceylon a sudden squall from the land struck them, and a young soldier who was sitting on the bulwarks to leeward was jerked backwards and fell into the water. Charlie Marryat kicked off his shoes, and with a loud shout of "Man overboard!" sprang from the taffrail and with a few vigorous strokes was alongside the drowning man.

The *Dover Castle* was but a quarter of a mile astern. Carrying less sail than her consort, she had been better prepared for the squall, and was running down upon him at a great rate. A moment later a boat was swung out on davits and several men climbed into it. The vessel kept on her course until scarcely more than her own length away. Then she suddenly rounded up into the wind, and the boat was let fall and rowed rapidly towards him.

The vessels did not again communicate until they came to anchor in Madras roads, as the wind was fair and Captain Thompson anxious to arrive at his destination. During these

few days Tim Kelly had followed Charlie about like a shadow. Having no duties to perform on board, he asked leave to act as Charlie's servant; and Charlie was touched by the efforts which the grateful fellow made to be of service to him.

Charlie and his friends amused themselves by sauntering about in the native town, greatly surprised by the sights and scenes which met their eyes; for in those days Madras was a mere collection of huts which had sprung up round the English factories.

CHAPTER V

MADRAS

After the young writers had seen the native town they returned to the beach, and spent the afternoon watching the progress of landing the cargo of the *Lizzie Anderson*. Their own baggage was taken up to the quarters allotted to them, and at the hour named for dinner the new-comers met for the first time those with whom they were to be associated.

"How refreshingly healthy and well you look!" a young man of some six-and-twenty years old, named Johnson, said. "What appetites you fellows have! It does one good to see you eat."

"I have not the least idea what we are eating," Charlie said, laughing; "but it's really very nice whatever it is. But there seems an immense quantity of pepper, or hot stuff of some kind or other, which one would have thought, in this tremendous heat, would have made one hotter instead of cooler."

"Yes," their new friend answered. "No doubt all this pepper and curry do heat the blood; but you see it is done to tempt the appetite. If you will come and sit in the verandah of my room, we will smoke a cigar and have something cool

to drink, and I will answer as well as I can the questions you've asked me about the state of things here."

When they had seated themselves in the extremely comfortable cane chairs in a verandah facing the sea, and had lit their cigars, their friend began:

"In April we sent a force from Fort St. David—before we came back here, four hundred and thirty white soldiers and a thousand Sepoys, under the command of Captain Cope, to aid a fellow who had been turned out of the Rajahship of Tanjore. I believe he was a great blackguard, and the man who had taken his place was an able ruler, liked by the people."

"Then why should we interfere on behalf of the other?" Charlie asked.

"My dear Marryat," their host replied, "it may be said that for every petty kingdom in Southern India there are at least two pretenders, very often half a dozen. So far we have not meddled much in their quarrels, but the French have been much more active that way. They always side with one or other of these pretenders, and when they get the man they support into power, of course he repays them for their assistance. In this manner they have virtually made themselves masters of the Carnatic outside the walls of Fort St. David, and this place.

"Well, our people thought to take a leaf out of the French book, and as the ex-rajah offered us in payment for our aid the possession of Devikottai, a town at the mouth of the river Coleroon, a place likely to be of great use to us, we agreed to assist him.

"Major Lawrence was put at the head of the expedition, and the whole of the Company's English troops, eight hundred in all, including the artillery, and fifteen hundred Sepoys, started on board ship for Devikottai. The enemy's entrenchment was not finished, but in front of it was a deep rivulet which had to be crossed.

"Lawrence gave the command of the storming party to

Clive. He is one of our fellows, a queer, restless sort of chap. The Tanjore horsemen charged, and Lawrence let them come on till within a few yards, and then gave them a volley which killed fourteen and sent the rest scampering away. Lawrence pushed forward. The garrison, panic-stricken at the defeat of their cavalry, abandoned the breach and escaped to the opposite side of the town, and Devikottai was ours.

"The Rajah of Tanjore hastened to make peace. He agreed to pay the expenses of the war, and to cede us Devikottai and some territory round it, and to allow the wretched ex-rajah, in whose cause we had pretended to fight, a pension of four hundred a year, on condition that we kept him shut up in one of our forts.

"When the peace was signed our force returned to Fort St. David."

CHAPTER VI

THE ARRIVAL OF CLIVE

"After the conquest of Devikottai," Mr. Johnson said, "the civilians in the service were called back to their posts; but to show that they recognized his services the authorities allowed Clive to attain the rank of captain, which would have been bestowed upon him had he remained in the military service, and they appointed him commissary to the army, a post which would take him away from the office-work he hated. In July some of the Company's ships came in with some reinforcements. There were no military officers left at Fort St. David, so Mr. Pigot, a member of the council, started with a large convoy of stores, escorted by eighty English and three hundred Sepoys. Clive volunteered to accompany them. Pigot's report of Clive's conduct, strengthened by that previously made by Major Lawrence, induced the authorities to transfer him permanently to the army. He received a com-

mission as captain and was sent off, with a small detachment, to Devikottai. There he placed himself under Captain Clarke, who commanded, and the whole body, numbering altogether a hundred English, fifty Sepoys, with a small field-piece, marched up to Trichinopoly, and I hear managed to make its way in safety. He got in about a month ago."

"And what force have we altogether, here and at St. David's, in case Trichinopoly falls?"

"What with the detachment that came with you, and two others which arrived about ten days back, we have altogether about three hundred and fifty men. What on earth could these do against all the forces of the nawab, the subahdar, and three or four thousand French troops?"

The prospect certainly seemed gloomy in the extreme; and the young writers retired to their beds, on this the first night of their arrival in India, with the conviction that circumstances were in a desperate position. The next day they set to work, and at its end agreed that they should bear the loss of their situations, and their expulsion from the country, with more than resignation. It was now August, the heat was terrible, and as they sat in their shirt-sleeves at their desks, bathed in perspiration, at their work of copying invoices, they felt that any possible change of circumstances would be for the better. The next day, and the next, still further confirmed these ideas. The nights were nearly as hot as the days. Tormented by mosquitoes they tossed restlessly in their beds for hours, dozing off towards morning and awaking unrefreshed and worn out.

When released from work at the end of the third day Charlie and Peters strolled down together to the beach and bewailed their hard fate. "There are two ships coming from the south," Charlie said presently. "I wonder whether they're from England or Fort St. David!"

A signal from the ship announced that the governor was about to land, and the principal persons at the factory

assembled on the beach to receive him. Dr. Rae and the two young writers stood a short distance from the party. As the boat was beached, Mr. Saunders sprang out, and, surrounded by those assembled to meet him, walked at once towards the factory. An officer got out from the boat and superintended the debarkation of the baggage, which a number of coolies at once placed on their heads and carried away. The officer was following them when his eye fell upon Dr. Rae. "Ah! Doctor," he said, "how are you? When did you get out again from England?"

"Only three or four days since, Captain Clive. I did not recognize you at first. I am glad to see you again."

"Yes, I have cast my slough," Captain Clive said, laughing, "and have, thank God, exchanged my pen for a sword, for good."

"You were able to fight, though, as a civilian," Dr. Rae said, laughing.

"Yes, we had some tough fighting behind the ramparts of St. David's and in the trenches before Pondicherry; but we shall have sharper work still before us, or I am mistaken."

"What! are they going to attack us here?" Dr. Rae exclaimed.

"Oh no, just the other way," Captain Clive said; "we are going to carry the war into their quarters. It is a secret yet and must not go farther." And he included the two writers in his look.

"These are two fresh comers, Captain Clive. They came out in the same ship with me. This is Mr. Marryat, this Mr. Peters. They are both brave young gentlemen, and had an opportunity of proving it on the way out."

"Aha!" Captain Clive said, looking keenly at the lads. "Well, young gentlemen, and how do you like what you have seen of your life here?"

"We hate it, sir," Charlie said; "we would both of us a thousand times rather enlist under you as private soldiers.

Oh, sir, if there is any expedition going to take place, do you think there is a chance of our being allowed to go as volunteers ? "

" I will see about it," Captain Clive said, smiling. " Trade must be dull enough here at present, and we want every hand that can hold a sword or a musket in the field. You are sure you can recommend them ? " he said, turning to Dr. Rae with a smile.

" Most warmly," the doctor said ; " they both showed great coolness and courage in the affairs I spoke of. Have you any surgeons with you, Captain Clive ? If not, I hope that I shall go with any expedition that will take place. The doctor here is just recovering from an attack of fever and will not be fit for weeks for the fatigues of active service. May I ask who is to command the expedition ? "

" I am," Clive said quietly. " We are going—but this, mind, is a profound secret till the day we march—to attack Arcot. It is the only possible way of relieving Trichinopoly."

" To attack Arcot ? " Dr. Rae said, astonished. " It's a grand idea, Captain Clive, a grand idea, though I own it seems to me a desperate one."

" In desperate times we must take desperate measures, Doctor," Captain Clive said. " Now I must be going on after the governor. I shall see you to-morrow. I will not forget you, young gentlemen." So saying he proceeded to the factory.

The next morning, as Charlie and Peters were at breakfast, a native entered with a letter from the chief factor to the effect that their services in the office would be dispensed with, and that they were, in accordance with their request, to report themselves to Captain Clive as volunteers. No words can express the joy of the two lads at receiving the intelligence.

A quarter of an hour later, Charlie and Peters joined Captain Clive in the camp.

"Ah!" he said, "my young friends, I'm glad to see you. There is plenty for you to do at once. We shall march to-morrow, and all preparations have to be made. You will both have the rank of ensign while you serve with me."

Charlie was glad to find that among the company to which he was appointed was the detachment which had come out with him on board ship; and the moment these heard that he was to accompany them as their officer, Tim Kelly pressed forward and begged that he might be allowed to act as Charlie's servant, a request which the lad readily complied with.

On the morning of the 29th Clive reached Conjeveram, a town of some size, forty-two miles from Madras. Here Clive gained the first trustworthy intelligence as to Arcot. He found the garrison outnumbered his own force by two to one, and that although the defences were not in a position to resist an attack by heavy guns, they were capable of being defended against any force not so provided. Clive at once despatched a messenger to Madras, begging that two eighteen-pounders might be sent after him, and then, without awaiting their coming, he marched forward against Arcot.

CHAPTER VII

THE SIEGE OF ARCOT

The garrison, struck with panic at the sudden coming of a foe when they deemed themselves in absolute security, at once abandoned the fort. The city was incapable of defence after the fort had been abandoned, and Clive took possession of both without firing a shot. He at once set to work to store up provisions in the fort, in which he found eight guns and an abundance of ammunition, as he foresaw the likelihood of his having to stand a siege there.

The two eighteen-pounders for which Clive had sent to

Madras were now well upon the road, under the protection of a small body of Sepoys, and were approaching Conjeveram. The enemy sent a considerable body of troops to cut off the guns, and Clive found that the small number which he had sent out to meet the approaching party would not be sufficient. He therefore resolved to take the whole force, leaving only sufficient to garrison the fort. As it would probably be attacked, and might have to fight hard, he decided on leaving only thirty Europeans and fifty Sepoys within the fort. He appointed Dr. Rae to the command of the post during his absence, and placed Charlie and Peters under his orders.

The first part of the night passed quietly. Double sentries were placed at each of the angles of the walls. The cannon were loaded and all ready for instant action. Dr. Rae and his two subalterns were upon the alert, visiting the posts every quarter of an hour to see that the men were vigilant. Towards two o'clock a dull sound was heard; and, although nothing could be seen, the men were at once called to arms and took up the posts to which they had already been told off on the walls. The noise continued. It was slight and confused, but the natives are so quiet in their movements that the doctor did not doubt that a considerable body of men were surrounding the place, and that he was about to be attacked. Presently one of the sentries over the gateway perceived something approaching. He challenged, and immediately afterwards fired. The sound of his gun seemed to serve as a signal for an assault, and a large body of men rushed forward at the gate, while at two other points a force ran up to the foot of the walls and endeavoured to plant ladders.

The garrison at once collected at the points of attack, a few sentries only being left at intervals on the wall, to give notice should any attempt be made elsewhere. The enemy fought with great determination; several times the ladders were planted and the men swarmed up them, but as often

these were hurled back upon the crowd below. At the gate the assailants endeavoured to hew their way through it with axes, but so steady was the fire directed from the loopholes which commanded it, upon those so engaged, that they were each time forced to recoil with great slaughter. It was not until nearly daybreak that the attack ceased, and the assailants, finding that they could not carry the place by a *coup de main*, fell back.

The next day the main body of the British force returned with the convoy. News arrived the following day that the enemy were approaching to lay siege to the place. The news of the capture of Arcot had produced the effect which Clive had anticipated from it. It alarmed and irritated the besiegers of Trichinopoly, and inspired the besieged with hope and exultation.

Chunda Sahib determined to lose not a moment in recovering Arcot, knowing that with its capture that last hope of the besieged in Trichinopoly would be at an end. Continuing the siege, he despatched three thousand of his best troops with a hundred and fifty Frenchmen to reinforce the two thousand men already near Arcot under the command of his son Riza Sahib.

The fort had two gates. These were in towers standing beyond the ditch, and connected with the interior by a causeway across it. The houses in the town in many places came close up to the walls, and from the roofs the ramparts of the forts were commanded.

On the 23rd September Raja Sahib with his army took up his position before Arcot, occupied all the houses near the fort, and from the walls and upper windows kept up a heavy fire on the besieged.

For the next three weeks the position remained unchanged. So heavy was the fire which the enemy, from their commanding position, maintained, that no one could show his head for a moment without running the risk of being shot. Only a few

sentinels were kept upon the walls to prevent the risk of surprise, and these had to remain stooping below the parapet. Every day added to the losses.

Captain Clive had a series of wonderful escapes, and indeed the men began to regard him with a sort of superstitious reverence, believing that he had a charmed life.

Clive on his part had been busy endeavouring to obtain assistance. His native emissaries, penetrating the enemy's lines, carried the news of the situation of affairs in the fort to Madras, Fort St. David, and Trichinopoly. At Madras a few fresh troops had arrived from England, and Mr. Saunders, feeling that Clive must be relieved at all costs, however defenceless the state of Madras might be, despatched on the 20th of October a hundred Europeans and a hundred Sepoys under Lieutenant Innis. These, after fighting with great bravery, were forced to fall back.

One of Clive's messengers reached Morari Rao, the Maratta chief of Gooty. This man was a ferocious freebooting chief, daring and brave himself, and admiring those qualities in others. Clive's march upon Arcot, and the heroic defence which the handful of men there were opposing to overwhelming numbers, excited his highest admiration, and when Clive's messenger reached him he at once sent back a promise of assistance. Raja Sahib learned almost as soon as Clive himself that the Marattas were on the move. Morari Rao was encamped with six thousand men at a spot thirty miles to the west of Arcot, and he might at any moment swoop down upon the besiegers. Although, therefore, Raja Sahib had for six days been at work effecting a new breach, which was now nearly open to assault, he sent a flag of truce with an offer to Clive of terms if he would surrender Arcot. Clive returned a defiant refusal, and the guns again opened on the second breach.

The fifty days which the siege had lasted had been terrible ones for the garrison. Never daring to expose themselves unnecessarily during the day, yet ever on the alert to repel an

attack, labouring at night at the defences with their numbers daily dwindling, and the prospect of an assault becoming more and more imminent, the work of the little garrison was terrible; and it is to the defences of Lucknow and Cawnpore, a hundred years later, that we must look to find a parallel in English warfare for their endurance and bravery. Both Charlie Marryat and Peters had been wounded, but in neither case were the injuries severe enough to prevent their continuing on duty.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GRAND ASSAULT

The 14th of November was a Mohammedan festival, and Raja Sahib determined to utilize the enthusiasm and fanatic zeal which such an occasion always excites among the followers of the Prophet, to make his grand assault upon Arcot, and to attack at three o'clock in the morning.

Clive's spies brought him news of the intended assault, and at midnight he learned full particulars as to the disposition of the enemy. His force was now reduced to eighty Europeans and a hundred and twenty sepoys. The men leaped up and stood to their arms, full of confidence in their ability to resist the attack. Soon the shouts of the advancing columns testified to the equal confidence and ardour of the assailants.

Not a sound was heard within the walls of the fort until the elephants advanced towards the gates. Then suddenly a stream of fire leaped out from loophole and battlement. So well directed and continuous was the fire, that the elephants, dismayed at the outburst of fire and noise, and smarting from innumerable wounds, turned and dashed away, trampling in their flight multitudes of men in the dense columns packed behind them. These, deprived of the means upon which they had relied to break in the gates, turned and retreated rapidly.

Among those who had fallen at the great breach was the commander of the storming party, a man of great valour. Four hundred of his followers had also been killed, and Raja Sahib, utterly disheartened at his repulse at all points, decided not to renew the attack. After the repulse of the assault the heavy musketry fire from the houses around the fort was continued. At two in the afternoon he asked for two hours' truce to bury the dead. This was granted, and on its conclusion the musketry fire was resumed and continued until two in the morning. Then suddenly it ceased. Under cover of the fire Raja Sahib had raised the siege and retired with his army to Vellore.

On the morning of the 15th Clive discovered that the enemy had disappeared. Clive was not a man to lose time. The men were at once formed up and marched into the abandoned camp of the enemy, where they found four guns, four mortars, and a great quantity of ammunition. A cloud of dust was seen approaching, and soon a mounted officer riding forward announced the arrival of Captain Kilpatrick's detachment.

Not a moment was lost, for Clive felt the importance of at once following up the blow inflicted by the repulse of the enemy. Three days were spent in continuous labour in putting the fort of Arcot again in a position of defence; and, leaving Kilpatrick in charge there, he marched out with two hundred Europeans, seven hundred Sepoys, and three guns, and attacked and took Timari, the little fort which before baffled him. This done he returned towards Arcot to await the arrival of a thousand Maratta horse which Morari Rao had promised him. The Marattas had dispersed plundering over the country, and great delay was caused before they could be collected. When six hundred of them had been brought together, Clive determined to wait no longer, but started at once for Arni.

The delay enabled Raja Sahib, marching down from Vellore, to meet his reinforcements, and when Clive, after a forced

march of twenty miles, approached Arni, he found the enemy, composed of three hundred French troops, two thousand five hundred Sepoys, and two thousand horsemen, with four guns drawn up before it. Seeing their immense superiority in numbers, these advanced to the attack.

Clive posted the Sepoys in the village, the Maratta horsemen in the grove, and the two hundred English with the guns on the ground between them. The enemy advanced at once. His native cavalry with some infantry marched against the grove, while the French troops with about fifteen hundred infantry moved along the causeway against the village.

Clive opened fire with his guns on the long column marching almost across his front to attack the village. The enemy, finding themselves exposed to a fire which they were powerless to answer, quitted the causeway, and formed up in the rice fields fronting the English position. The guns, protected only by a few Frenchmen and natives, remained on the causeway. Clive now despatched two of his guns and fifty English to aid the hard-pressed Marattas in the grove, and fifty others to the village with orders to join the Sepoys there, to dash forward on to the causeway and charge the enemy's guns.

As the column issued from the village along the causeway at a rapid pace, the French limbered up their guns and retired at a gallop. The infantry, dispirited at their disappearance, fell back across the rice fields. Clive at once ordered a pursuit. The Marattas were despatched after the enemy's cavalry, while he himself with his infantry advanced across the causeway and pressed upon the main body. Night alone put a stop to the pursuit, by which time the enemy were completely routed.

The material loss had not been heavy, for but fifty French and a hundred and fifty natives were killed or wounded; but the army was broken up, the *morale* of the enemy completely destroyed, and it was proved to all Southern India, which was anxiously watching the struggle, that the English were in the

field of battle superior to their European rivals. Clive moved on at once to Conjeveram, where thirty French troops and three hundred Sepoys occupied the temple, a very strong building. Clive brought up two eighteen-pounders from Madras and pounded the walls, and the enemy, seeing that the place must fall, evacuated it in the night and retired to Pondicherry. North Arcot being now completely in the power of the English, Clive returned to Madras, and then sailed to Fort St. David to concert measures with Mr. Saunders for the relief of Trichinopoly.

Governor Dupleix, at Pondicherry, had seen with surprise the result of Clive's dash upon Arcot. He had, however, perceived that the operations there were wholly secondary, and that Trichinopoly was still the all-important point. Strong reinforcements and a battering train were sent forward to the besiegers, and by repeated messages he endeavoured to impress upon Law and Chunda Sahib the necessity of pressing forward the capture of Trichinopoly. Inside Trichinopoly were a few English soldiers under Captain Cope and a small body of troops of Muhammad Ali; while outside the walls, between them and the besiegers, was the English force under Gingen, the men utterly dispirited, the officer without talent, resolution, or confidence.

Before leaving the troops with which he had won the battle of Arni, Clive had expressed to the two young writers his high appreciation of their conduct during the siege of Arcot, and promised them that he would make it a personal request to the authorities at Fort St. David that they might be permanently transferred from the civil to the military branch of the service. He strongly advised them to spend every available moment of their time in the study of the native language, as without that they would be useless if appointed to command a body of Sepoys. The boys lost not a moment in sending down to Madras to engage the services of a native "moonshee" or teacher. They wrote to their friend Johnson asking

him to arrange terms with the man who understood most English, and to engage him to remain with them some time.

December passed quietly, and then in January, 1752, an insurrection planned by Dupleix broke out. Supplies of money were sent to Raja Sahib together with four hundred French soldiers. These marched suddenly upon Poonamallee and captured it, seized again the fortified temple of Conjeveram, and from this point threatened both Madras and Arcot.

The little garrison of Arcot, two hundred men in all, were astonished at the news that the province which they had thought completely conquered was again in flames, that the road to Madras was cut by the occupation of Conjeveram by the French, and that Madras itself was, save the fort, in the hands of the enemy. The fort itself, they knew, might easily be taken, as they were aware that it was defended by only eighty men.

In the fort the utmost vigilance was observed. The garrison laboured to mend the breaches and complete the preparations for defence. Provisions were again stored up, and they awaited anxiously news from Clive. That enterprising officer was at Fort St. David, busy in making his preparations for a decisive campaign against the enemy around Trichinopoly, when the news of the rising reached him. He was expecting a considerable number of fresh troops from England, as it was in January that the majority of the reinforcements despatched by the Company arrived in India, and Mr. Saunders had written to Calcutta begging that a hundred men might be sent thence. These were now, with the eighty men at Madras, and the two hundred at Arcot, all the force that could be at his disposal, for at Fort St. David there was not a single available man. With all the efforts that Clive, aided by the authorities, could make, it was not until the middle of February that he had completed his arrangements. On the 9th the hundred men arrived from Bengal, and, without the loss of a day, Clive started from Madras to form a junction with the garrison

from Arcot, who, leaving only a small force to hold the fort, had moved down to meet him.

CHAPTER IX

THE BATTLE OF KAVERIPAK

The junction with the Arcot garrison raised the force under Clive's orders to three hundred and eighty English, thirteen hundred Sepoys, and six field-guns, while the enemy at Vendalur, a place twenty-five miles south of Madras, where they had a fortified camp, had four hundred French troops, two thousand Sepoys, two thousand five hundred cavalry, and twelve guns. Hoping to surprise them there, Clive marched all night.

It was at nine in the evening that Clive at Vendalur obtained intelligence that the enemy had assembled at Conjeveram. The troops had already marched twenty-five miles, but they had had a rest of five hours, and Clive started with them at once, and reached Conjeveram, twenty miles distant, at four in the morning. Finding that the enemy had again disappeared, he ordered the troops to halt for a few hours. They had already marched forty-five miles in twenty-four hours, a great feat when it is remembered that only the Arcot garrison were in any way accustomed to fatigue, the others being newly raised levies. The greater portion of the Sepoys had been enlisted within the fortnight preceding.

Having no doubt that the enemy were engaged in attacking Arcot the troops were plodding along carelessly and in loose order, when, to their astonishment, after a sixteen-mile march, as they approached the town of Kaveripak just as the sun was setting, a fire of artillery opened upon them from a grove upon the right of the road but two hundred and fifty yards distant. Nothing is more confusing than a surprise of this kind,

especially to young troops, and when no enemy is thought to be near.

For a moment when the guns opened there was confusion and panic among the British troops. Clive, however, ever cool and confident in danger, and well seconded by his officers, rallied them at once. The position was one of extreme danger. It was possible, indeed, to retreat, but in the face of an enemy superior in infantry and guns, and possessing so powerful a body of cavalry, the operation would have been a very dangerous one. Even if accomplished it would entail an immense loss of *morale* and prestige to his troops. Hitherto under his leading they had been always successful, and a belief in his own superiority adds immensely to the fighting power of a soldier. Even should the remnant of the force fight its way back to Madras, the campaign would have been a lost one, and all hope of saving Trichinopoly would have been at an end.

"Steady, lads, steady," he shouted. "Form up quietly and steadily. We have beaten the enemy before, you know, and we will do so again."

While the troops, in spite of the artillery fire, fell into line, Clive rapidly surveyed the ground. He move confidently and resolutely among his men, keeping up their courage by cheerful words, and he was well seconded by his officers.

"Now, lads," Charlie Marryat cried to the company of which he was in command, "stick to it. You ought to be very thankful to the French for saving you the trouble of having to march another twelve miles before giving you an opportunity of thrashing them."

The men laughed and redoubled their fire on the French infantry, who were facing them in the water-course at a distance of eighty yards.

Clive saw that there was but one chance of victory. The grove could not be carried in the front, but it was just possible that it might be open in the rear. Choosing a sergeant who

spoke the native language well, he bade him leave the party in the water-course and make his way round to the rear of the grove, and discover whether it was strongly guarded there or not. In twenty minutes the sergeant returned with the news that there was no strong force there.

Clive at once took two hundred of his English infantry, the men who had fought at Arcot, and quietly left the water-course and made his way round towards the rear of the grove.

He advanced unobserved until within thirty yards of the enemy. Here he halted and poured a volley into them. The effect was instantaneous. Many of the French fell, and the rest, astounded at this sudden and unexpected attack, left their guns and fled. Sixty of them rushed for shelter into a building at the end of the grove, where the English surrounded them and forced them to surrender.

By this sudden stroke the battle of Kaveripak was won. A few minutes later, fugitives arriving from the grove informed the commander of the enemy's main body of infantry of the misfortune which had befallen them. The French fire at once ceased and the troops withdrew. In the darkness it was impossible for Clive to attempt a pursuit.

The moral effect of the victory was immense. It was the first time that French and English soldiers had fought in the field against each other in India. At Kaveripak the natives discovered that the English could fight as well as, or better than the French. The latter were somewhat stronger numerically than their rivals ; they had double the force of artillery, were half as strong again in Sepoys, and had two thousand five hundred cavalry, while the English had not a single horseman. They had all the advantages of surprise and position, and yet they had been entirely defeated.

Thenceforth the natives of India regarded the English as a people to be feared and respected, and for the first time considered their ultimate triumph over the French to be a possibility. As the policy of the native princes had ever been

to side with the strongest, the advantage thus gained to the English cause by the victory of Kaveripak was enormous.

On the following day the English took possession of the fort of Kaveripak and marched to Arcot. Scarcely had they arrived there when Clive received a despatch from Fort St. David, ordering him to return there at once with all his troops, to march to the relief of Trichinopoly, where the garrison was reported to be in the sorest straits from want of provisions. The force reached Fort St. David on the 11th of March. Here preparations were hurried forward for the advance to Trichinopoly, and in three days Clive was ready to start. Just as he was about to set out, a ship arrived from England, having on board some more troops, together with Major Lawrence and several officers, some of whom were captains senior to Clive. Major Lawrence, who had already proved his capacity and energy, of course took command of the expedition, and treated Clive, who had served under him at the siege of Pondicherry, and whose successes in the field had attracted his high admiration, as second in command, somewhat to the discontent of the officers senior to him in rank.

Law, having failed to attack the English force upon its march, suddenly decided to give battle, and advanced against the force which, wearied with its long march, had just begun to prepare the breakfast. The French artillery at once put the Maratta cavalry to flight.

Lawrence called the men again under arms, and sent Clive forward to reconnoitre. He found the French infantry drawn up with twenty-two guns, with large bodies of cavalry on either flank. Opposite to the centre of their position was a large caravansary, or native inn, with stone buildings attached. It was nearer to their position than to that occupied by the English, and Clive saw at once that, if seized and held by the enemy's artillery, it would sweep the whole ground over which the English would have to advance. He galloped back at full

speed to Major Lawrence, and asked leave at once to occupy the building. Obtaining permission, he advanced with all speed to the caravansary with some guns and infantry.

The negligence of the French in allowing this movement to be carried out was fatal to them. The English artillery opened upon them from the cover of the inn and buildings, and to this fire the French in the open could reply only at a great disadvantage. After a cannonade lasting half an hour, the French, having lost forty European and three hundred native soldiers, fell back, the English having lost only twenty-one. Disheartened at this result, utterly disappointed at the failure which had attended his long operations against Trichinopoly, without energy or decision, Law at once raised the siege of the town, abandoning a great portion of his baggage and destroying great stores of ammunition and supplies, crossed an arm of the Kavari and took post in the great fortified temple of Srirangam.

The delight of the troops so long besieged in Trichinopoly, inactive, dispirited, and hopeless, was extreme, and the exultation of Muhammad Ali and his native allies was no less.

Captain Cope, towards the end of the siege, had been killed in one of the little skirmishes which occasionally took place with the French.

Charlie Marryat and Peters had, owing to some of the officers senior to them being killed or invalided, and to large numbers of fresh recruits being raised, received a step in rank. They were now lieutenants, and each commanded a body of Sepoys ,two hundred strong. At Charlie's request Tim Kelly was detached from his company and allowed to remain with him as soldier servant.

CHAPTER X

THE FALL OF SRIRANGAM

Although called an island, Srirangam is in fact a long narrow tongue of land running between the two branches of the river Kavari. Clive saw that a force crossing the river, and taking up its position on the north, would entirely cut off Law's army in the island, would intercept any reinforcements sent by Dupleix to its rescue, and might compel the surrender of the whole French army.

Major Lawrence accepted Clive's proposal.

On the night of the 6th of April Clive set out with a force composed of four hundred English, seven hundred Sepoys, three thousand Maratta cavalry, a thousand Tanjore cavalry, six light guns and two heavy ones. Descending the river, he crossed the island at a point three miles to the east of Law's camping-ground, and marched to Samiaveram, a town nine miles north of the island, and commanding the roads from the north and east. The movement was just made in time. Dupleix despatched D'Auteuil with a hundred and twenty French, and five hundred Sepoys, with four guns and a large convoy to Srirangam, where he was to take the command. When he arrived within fifteen miles of Samiaveram, he sent a messenger to Law to acquaint him with his plans in order that he might aid him by making a diversion.

Clive attacked and captured the temple of Mansurpet, halfway between the village and the island. On its top Clive established a signal station. Upon the following day he carried the mud fort of Lalgudi, which was situated on the north bank of the river two miles to the east of Paichandah, which now remained Law's only place of exit from the island.

D'Auteuil, after sending word to Law of his intentions, marched from Utatur, where he was lying, by a road to the west which would enable him to move round Samiaveram

to Paichandah. Clive captured one of the messengers and set off with his force to intercept him. D'Auteuil, however, received information by his spies of Clive's movement, and, not wishing to fight a battle in the open with a superior force, fell back to Utatur, while Clive returned to Samiaveram. Paichandah being still in Law's hands, he could sally out with his whole force and that of Chunda Sahib, seize Samiaveram in Clive's absence, and extend his hand to D'Auteuil, or fall upon Clive's rear. Instead of this he repeated the mistake he had made before Trichinopoly; and, instead of marching out with his whole force, he sent only eighty Europeans, of whom forty were deserters from the English army, and seven hundred Sepoys.

Charlie's company were on guard; and, after paying a visit to the sentries and seeing that all were on the alert, he returned to the caravansary. The day had been a long one, and the march under the heat of the sun very fatiguing. There was therefore but little conversation, and Charlie, finding on his return from visiting the sentries that his leader and the other officers had already wrapped themselves in their cloaks and lain down to rest, imitated their example. Half an hour later the French column arrived at Samiaveram. The officer in command, an Irishman, stepped forward, and said that he had been sent by Major Lawrence to the support of Captain Clive. As the other English-speaking soldiers now came up, the sentry and native officer with him were completely deceived, and the latter sent a soldier to guide the column to the English quarter of the camp. Without interruption the column marched on through lines of sleeping Sepoys and Marattas until they reached the heart of the village. Here they were again challenged. They replied with a volley of musketry into the caravansary and another into the pagoda. Then they rushed into the pagoda, bayoneting all they found there.

Charlie, who had just dropped off to sleep, sprang to his feet, as did the other officers. While, confused by the noise

and suddenness of the attack, others scarcely understood what was happening, Clive's clear head and ready judgment grasped the situation at once. "Gentlemen," he said calmly, "there is no firing going on in the direction of the Great Pagoda. Follow me there at once."

At the pagoda he found the soldiers turning out under arms, and Clive, ordering his officers to do their best to rally the native troops in good order against the enemy, at once moved forward towards the caravansary with two hundred English troops. On arriving there he found a large body of Sepoys firing away at random. Believing them to be his own men, for the French and English Sepoys were alike dressed in white, he halted the English a few yards from them, and rushed among them, upbraiding them for their panic, striking them, and ordering them instantly to cease firing and to form in order. One of the Sepoy officers recognized Clive to be an Englishman, struck at him and wounded him with his sword.

Clive, still believing him to be one of his own men, was furious at what he considered an act of insolent insubordination, and seizing him, dragged him across to the Small Pagoda to hand him over, as he supposed, to the guard there. To his astonishment he found six Frenchmen at the gate, and these at once summoned him to surrender. Great as was his surprise, he did not for a moment lose coolness, and at once told them that he had come to beg them to lay down their arms, that they were surrounded by his whole army, and that unless they surrendered his troops would give no quarter. So impressed were the Frenchmen with the firmness of the speaker that three of them at once surrendered, while the other three ran into the temple to inform their commander.

The pagoda was very strong and only two men could enter abreast. Clive led his men to the attack, but so well did the French defend themselves that, after losing an officer and fifteen men, Clive determined to wait till morning.

The French officer, knowing that he was surrounded, and

beyond the reach of all assistance, resolved upon cutting a way through, and at daylight his men sallied out from the temple. So fierce, however, was the fire with which the English received him that twelve of his men were instantly killed, and the rest ran back into the temple.

Clive, hoping that their commander would now surrender without further effusion of blood, advanced to the gateway and entered the porch to offer terms. The officer commanding the deserters came out to parley, but, after heaping abuse upon Clive, levelled his musket and discharged it at him.

He missed Clive, but killed the two sergeants who were supporting him.

The instant day broke and Clive saw that Law was not, as he expected, at hand, he despatched the Maratta horse in pursuit of the French Sepoys. These were overtaken and cut to pieces, and not one man of the force which Law had despatched against Clive returned to the island. The English loss was heavy.

Some days passed after this attack without any fresh movement on either side. Major Lawrence then determined to drive back D'Auteuil. He therefore directed Clive to remain at Samiaveram and watch the island, while from his own force, under Captain Dalton, he sent a force of a hundred and fifty English, four hundred Sepoys, five hundred Marattas, with four guns, to attack D'Auteuil. D'Auteuil broke up his camp at Utatur in the night, abandoned his stores, and retreated hastily upon Valconda. Dalton then marched to Samiaveram, and placed his force at Clive's disposal.

Not only D'Auteuil but Law was deceived by Dalton's march. From the lofty towers of Srirangam he saw the force marching towards Utatur, believed that Clive with his whole force had left Samiaveram, and did now what he should have done before, crossed the river with all his troops. Before Law was prepared to issue out from Paichandah, Clive was within a mile of that place. Law fell back across the river again.

On the 15th of May Clive captured Paichandah, and then marched to Utatur to intercept D'Auteuil's force. D'Auteuil, hearing of his coming, instantly fell back again to Valconda. The native chief of this town, upon D'Auteuil's return, closed the gates and refused to admit him. Clive soon arrived and D'Auteuil, caught between two fires, surrendered with his whole force.

Had Law been a man of energy he had yet a chance of escape. Chunda Sahib in vain begged him to seize it. His hesitation continued until, three days after the surrender of D'Auteuil, a battering train reached Lawrence, whereupon Law at once surrendered.

With the fall of Srirangam terminated the contest for the supremacy of the Carnatic between the English and French. Muhammad Ali had himself gained but little in the struggle. He was indeed nominally ruler of the Carnatic, but he had to rely for his position solely on the support of the English bayonets.

The fatigues of the expedition had been great, and when the army reached the sea-coast Major Lawrence was forced to retire to Fort St. David to recover his health, while Clive, whose health had now greatly broken down, betook himself to Madras. There were, however, two French strongholds dangerously near to Madras, Covelong and Chingleput. Two hundred recruits had just arrived from England, and five hundred natives had been enlisted as Sepoys. Mr. Saunders begged Clive to take the command of these and reduce the two fortresses. He took with him two twenty-four pounders, and four officers, of whom two were Charlie Marryat and Peters, to both of whom Clive was much attached, owing to their courage, readiness, and good humour. Covelong was first attacked. It mounted thirty guns and was garrisoned by fifty French and three hundred Sepoys.

The very morning after they arrived before the fort the garrison made a sally, fell upon the troops, and killed one of

their officers. The whole of the new levies took to their heels and fled away from the fight. Clive with his three officers threw himself among them, and for some time in vain attempted to turn the tide. It was not, indeed, until several had been cut down that the rout was arrested, and they were brought back to their duty.

The enemy with a considerable force marched from Chingleput to relieve the place. Clive left half his force to continue the siege, and with the rest marched out and offered battle to the relieving force. Daring and confidence as usual prevailed. Had the enemy attacked there is little doubt they would have put Clive's raw levies to flight. They were, however, cowed by his attitude of defiance, and retreated hastily. The governor of Covelong at once lost heart and surrendered the place, which he might have maintained for months against the force before it, and on the fourth day of the siege capitulated. A few hours afterwards the enemy from Chingleput, ignorant of the fall of the fort, again advanced, and Clive met them with his whole force. Taken by surprise they suffered heavily. Clive pursued them to the gates of their fort, to which he at once laid siege. The fort, which was very strong, well provisioned, and well garrisoned, might have held out for an indefinite time. As it was, it surrendered on the fourth day, and Clive took possession on the 31st of August. He returned to Madras, and there, a short time afterwards, married Miss Maskelyne. It was but five years since he had first taken up arms to defend Fort St. David, an unknown clerk without prospects and without fortune, utterly discontented and disheartened. Madras was in the hands of the French. Everywhere their policy was triumphant, and the soil surrounded by the walls of St. David's alone remained to the English in Southern India. In the five years which had elapsed all had changed. The English were masters of the Carnatic. The French were broken and discredited. The English were regarded by the natives throughout the

country as the coming power, and of this great change no slight portion was due to the energy and genius of Clive himself.

CHAPTER XI

AN IMPORTANT MISSION

A few days after the return of the expedition against Covelong and Chingleput, Charlie received a note from Governor Saunders requesting him to call upon him at eleven o'clock.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Marryat, to ask you if you are ready to undertake a delicate and somewhat dangerous mission. Captain Clive tells me that he is convinced that you will be able to discharge the duties satisfactorily. He has been giving me the highest report of your conduct and courage, and he tells me that you speak the language with some facility.

"The facts of the case are these, Mr. Marryat. Owing to the failure of Muhammad Ali to fulfil the ridiculously onerous terms extorted from him by some of his native allies during the siege of Trichinopoly, several of them are in a state of discontent, which is likely soon to break out into open hostilities. Now, there is a chief named Boorhau Rao, whose territory lies among the hills, and extends from the plain nearly up to the plateau land of the Deccan. Boorhau Rao feels that he is in danger of being swallowed by the Nizám or by the Marattas, and he earnestly desires to ally himself with us, believing, as he says, that we are destined to be masters here. I have assured him that, although gratified at his expressions of friendship, we can enter into no alliance with him. We have now, with the greatest difficulty, brought affairs to a successful conclusion in the Carnatic, but Dupleix is active and energetic and well supported at home. Many of the chiefs lately our allies have, as I have just said, declared

against us or are about to do so, and it is out of the question for us to think of supporting a chief so far removed from us as Boorhau.

"I have written to him to say that I will send to him an English officer, one capable of training and leading his troops, and whose advice may be useful to him upon all occasions; but that, as were it known that he had received a British officer and was employing him to train his troops, it would excite the instant animosity of Bussy and of the Peshwa, I should send one who was familiar with the language and who would pass as a native. Captain Clive has strongly recommended you for this difficult mission."

"I fear, sir, that I could hardly pass as a native. The moonshee is constantly correcting mistakes which I make in speaking."

"That may be so," Mr. Saunders said; "but there are a score of dialects in Southern India, and you could be passed upon nineteen of the twenty peoples who speak them as belonging to one of the other."

"If you think, sir, that I shall do," Charlie said, "I shall be glad to undertake the mission."

"Very well, Mr. Marryat, that is understood then. You will receive full instructions in writing, and will understand that your duty is not only to drill the troops of this chief, but to give him such advice as may suit his and our interests, to strengthen his good feeling towards us, and to form as far as possible a compact little force which might at a critical moment be of immense utility. You will, of course, master the geography of the country, of which we are all but absolutely ignorant, find out about the passes, the mountain paths, the defensible positions. All these things may some day be of the highest importance. You will have a few days to make your arrangements and settle as to the character you will adopt. This you had better do in consultation with some one who thoroughly understands the country. It is

intended that you shall go down to Trichinopoly with the next convoy, and from there make your way to the stronghold of Boorhau."

"Shall I take any followers with me?"

"Yes," Mr. Saunders said. "As you will go in the character of a military adventurer who has served among our Sepoys long enough to learn European drill, you had better take two, three, or four men, as you like, with you as retainers. You might pick out two or three trusty men from the Sepoys you command."

Charlie left Government House in high spirits. As for Tim Kelly, he was uproarious in his grief when he heard that he was to be separated from his master.

"Shure, Mr. Charlie, ye'll never have the heart to lave a poor boy that sarved ye be night and day for eighteen months."

"But it is impossible that I can take you, Tim," Charlie said. "You know yourself that you cannot speak ten words of the language. How then could you possibly pass undetected, whatever disguise you put on?"

"But I'd never open my mouth at all at all, yer honour, barring for mate and drink."

The moonshee was taken into their counsels, and was asked his opinion as to the disguise which Charlie could adopt with least risk of detection. The moonshee replied that he might pass as a Bheel. These hill tribes speak a dialect quite distinct from that of the people around them, and the moonshee said that if properly attired Charlie would be able to pass anywhere for one of these people, provided always that he did not meet with another of the same race.

"There are several Bheels among our Sepoys," Charlie said. "I can pick out three or four of them who would be just the men for me to take. I believe they are generally very faithful and attached to their officers."

When Tim again entered the room he inquired anxiously if his master had hit upon any disguise which would suit him. "What do you say, Mr. Moonshine?" Tim asked.

"I think," he said gravely in reply to Tim's demand, "that the very worshipful one would have most chance of escaping detection if he went in rags, throwing dust on his hair and passing for one afflicted."

"And what does he mean by afflicted, Mr. Charles?" the Irishman asked wrathfully, as the two young officers laughed.

"He means one who is a born fool, Tim."

Tim looked furiously at the moonshee.

"The black thief is making fun of me," Tim muttered; "but I'll be aven with him one of these days or my name isn't Tim Kelly. I was thinking, yer honour, that I might represent one deaf and dumb. Just try me, Mr. Charles, just try me for a month, and if at the end of that time you find me in your way, or that I don't keep my character, then send me back agin to the regiment."

Both Charlie and Tim had had those portions of their skin exposed to the air darkened, and both would pass muster at a casual inspection.

To avoid attracting attention Charlie Marryat and his party set out before daylight from Madras.

For a fortnight they travelled by easy stages without suspicion being excited that they were not what they seemed. They were now among the hills, and soon arrived at Ambur, the seat of the rajah. The town was a small one, and above it rose the fortress, which stood on a rock rising sheer from the bottom of the valley, and standing boldly out from the hill-side.

"It is a strong place," Charlie said to Tim Kelly, who was walking by his horse's head, "and should be able to hold out against anything but starvation—that is to say, if properly defended."

"It's a powerful place surely," Tim said; "and would puzzle the ould boy himself to take. Even Captain Clive, who is afeard of nothing, would be bothered by it."

As they rode up the valley two horsemen were seen spurring towards them from the town. They drew rein before Charlie, and one, bowing, said:

"My master, the rajah, sends his greeting to you, and begs to know if you are the illustrious soldier, Nadir Ali, for whom his heart has been longing."

"Will you tell your lord that Nadir Ali is here," Charlie said, "and that he longs to see the face of the rajah."

They gained at last the top of the rock. It was uneven in surface, some portions being considerably more elevated than others. Alighting from his horse at the foot of the steps Charlie, followed by his five retainers, mounted to the gateway. Here another guard of honour was drawn up. Passing through these they entered a shady courtyard, on one side of which was a stone pavilion. On the farther side the floor, which was of marble, was raised, and two steps led to a wide recess, with windows of lattice stonework giving a view over the town and valley below. In this recess were piles of cushions and carpets, and here reclined the rajah, a spare and active-looking man of some forty years old. He rose as Charlie approached, the soldiers and Sepoys remaining beyond the limits of the pavilion.

"Welcome, brave Nadir Ali," he said courteously; "my heart is glad indeed at the presence of one whose wisdom is said to be far beyond his years, and who has learned the arts of war of the infidels from beyond the seas." Then, inviting Charlie to take a seat on the divan with him, he questioned him as to his journey and the events which were taking place in the plains, until the attendants, having handed round refreshments, retired at his signal. "I am glad to see you, Sahib," he said when they were alone; "though, in truth, I looked for one older than yourself. The governor has

already told you, doubtless, of the position in which I am placed here."

"Governor Saunders explained the whole position to me," Charlie said. "You believe that the fortunes of the English are on the increase, and you wish to fight by their side, and share their fortunes. In the meantime you desire to be able to defend yourself against your neighbours, for at present the English are too far away to assist you. To enable you to do this I have been sent to drill and discipline your troops like our Sepoys, and to give you such advice as may be best for the general defence of your country. Your followers here will, no doubt, discover in a very short time that I am an Englishman. Let it be understood that I am a deserter, that I have been attracted to your court by the promise of high pay, and that I have assumed the character of a Bheel lest my being here might put you on bad terms with the English."

CHAPTER XII

A MURDEROUS ATTEMPT

Handsome rooms with a suite of attendants were assigned to Charlie in the rajah's palace, and he was formally appointed commander of his forces. The four Sepoys were appointed to junior ranks, as was also Tim Kelly, who, however, insisted on remaining in the position of chief attendant upon his master, being, in fact, a sort of major-domo and valet in one, looking after his comforts when in the palace, and accompanying him as personal guard whenever he rode out.

The next morning Charlie and his four assistants set to work to drill the three hundred men of the garrison, taking them in parties of twenty. They were thus able, in the course of a few days, to pick out the most active and intelligent for the sub-officers, and these with the existing officers of the body

and the new ones appointed by the rajah, were at once taken in hand to be taught their duty.

For a month the work went on steadily and without interruption, and from morn till night the courtyard echoed with the words of command. At the end of that time the twenty officers and forty sub-officers had fairly learned their duty, and were able in turn to instruct others, and, a body of five hundred men being called out, the work of drilling on a large scale began.

The four great companies, or battalions as Charlie called them, were kept entirely separate, each under the command of one of the Sepoys, under whom were a proportion of the officers and sub-officers. Every evening Charlie came down for an hour and put each body through its drill, distributing blame or praise as it was deserved, thus keeping up a spirit of emulation in the battalions. At the end of a fortnight, when the simpler manœuvres had been learned, Charlie, for two hours each day, worked the whole together as one regiment, and was surprised himself to find how rapid was the progress which each day effected. The rajah himself often came down to the drill-ground and took the highest interest in the work. He would fain have had regular uniforms, similar to those worn by the Sepoys in the service of the European powers, provided for the men ; but Charlie strongly urged him not to do so.

"By all means," Charlie said, "get the uniforms made for the whole force and keep them by you in store. They can be at once served out in case of war, and the sight of a number of Sepoy battalions where they expected only to meet an irregular force, will have an immense effect upon any force opposed to you."

The rajah saw the force of this argument, and at once ordered five thousand suits of white uniforms, similar to those worn by the Sepoys in the English and French service, to be made and stored up in the magazines. While his lieutenants

were drilling the main body Charlie himself took in hand a party of forty picked men, and instructed them in the use of field-guns.

So month passed after month, until Rajah Boorhau was in a position to put, if necessary, five battalions of Sepoys, each seven hundred strong, into the field, with thirty guns, served by trained artillerymen. So quietly had the work gone on that it attracted no attention among his neighbours. The mere rumour that the rajah had some European deserters in his service, and that these were drilling four or five hundred men, was considered of so little moment that it passed altogether unheeded.

Proud of his rapidly increasing force, Boorhau Rao would, more than once in the course of the year, have joined in the warfare going on around. Charlie, however, succeeded in restraining him from doing so, pointing out that the victor of one day was the vanquished of the next.

"Were you to gain territory, Rajah, which you might, perhaps, largely do, from the efficient aid which you might render to one party or the other, you would be the object of a hostile combination against which you could not hope to struggle."

The rajah yielded at once to Charlie's arguments; but the influence of the latter added to the hostility which the favour shown him by the rajah had provoked among many of the leading men of the state.

Already Charlie had received several anonymous warnings that danger threatened him. The rajah was, he knew, his warm friend, and he, in his delight at seeing the formidable force which had been formed from his irregular levies, had presented him, as a token of his gratitude, with large sums of money.

Charlie, foreseeing that sooner or later the little state would become involved in hostilities, took the precaution of forwarding the money he had received down to Madras, sending it,

piecemeal, in charge of native merchants and traders. It was by these paid into the Madras treasury, where a large rate of interest for all moneys lent by its employees was given by the Company.

Tim Kelly was at once furious and alarmed at the news that danger threatened his master, and took every precaution that he could imagine to ensure his safety. He took to going down to the town himself to purchase provisions, and so far as possible prepared these himself. He procured two or three monkeys, animals which he held in horror, and offered them a portion of everything that came on the table, before he placed it before his master.

One day Charlie was just sitting down to his soup when Tim ran in.

"For the love of Heaven, Mr. Charles, don't put that stuff to your mouth. It's pisoned, or, at any rate, if it isn't, one of the other dishes is."

"Poisoned, Tim! Nonsense, man; you are always thinking of poisonings and plots."

"And it's lucky for your honour that I am," Tim said. "Jist come into the next room and look at the monkeys."

Charlie went in. One of the little creatures was lying upon the ground evidently in a state of great agony. The other was sitting up rocking itself backwards and forwards like a human being in pain.

"They look bad, poor little beasts," Charlie said; "but what has that got to do with my soup?"

"Shure, yer honour, isn't that jist what I keep the cratures for, just to give them a taste of everything yer honour has, and I claps it into the oven there to kape it warm till I've had time to see by the monkeys whether it's good."

"It looks very serious," Charlie said gravely "Do you go quietly out, Tim, call two men from the guard-house, and seize the cook, and place one or two men as sentries over the other servants. I will go across to the rajah."

The latter, on hearing what had happened, ordered the cook to be brought before him, together with the various dishes prepared for the dinner.

The man upon being interrogated vehemently denied all knowledge of the affair.

"We shall see," the rajah said. "Eat up that plate of soup."

The man turned pale.

"Your highness will observe," he stammered, "that you have already told me that one of these dishes is poisoned. I cannot say which, and whichever I eat may be the fatal one."

The rajah made a signal to him to obey his orders, but Charlie interposed.

"If the man is taken to a dungeon, I think I could suggest a plan by which we could test him. I believe him to be guilty," he said when the prisoner had been removed.

"Then why not let him be beheaded at once?" the rajah asked.

"I would rather let ten guilty men escape," Charlie replied, "than run the risk of putting one innocent one to death. I propose, sir, that you order the eight dishes of food, which have been prepared for my dinner, to be carefully weighed. Let these all be placed in the cell of the prisoner, and there let him be left. In the course of two or three days he will, if guilty, endeavour to assuage his hunger by eating little bits of food from every dish except that which he knows to be poisoned, but will take such a small portion from each that he will think it will not be detected. If he is innocent, and is really ignorant which dish is poisoned, he will not touch any of them until driven to desperation by hunger. Then he will seize on one or more and devour them to the end, running the chance of death by poison rather than endure the pangs of hunger longer."

"Your plan is a wise one," the rajah said. "It shall be

tried. Let the dishes be taken to him every morning and removed every evening. Each evening they shall be weighed."

These orders were carried out, and on the following morning the dishes were placed in the cell of the prisoner. When removed at night they were found to be untouched. The next evening several of the dishes were found to have lost some ounces in weight. The third evening all but one had been tasted.

"Let the prisoner be brought in again," the rajah ordered when informed of this. "Dog," he said, "you have betrayed yourself. Had you been innocent you could not have known in which of the dishes the poison had been placed. You have eaten of all but one. If that one contains poison you are guilty."

Then turning to an attendant he ordered him to take a portion of the untouched food and to throw it to a dog. Pending the experiment the prisoner was removed. Half an hour later the attendant returned with the news that the dog was dead.

"The guilt of the man is confirmed," the rajah said. "Let him be executed."

"Will you give him to me, your highness?" Charlie asked. "His death would not benefit me now, and to save his life he may tell me who is my enemy."

Charlie returned to his own quarters, assembled his lieutenants and several other of his officers, and had the man brought before him.

"Hossein," he said, "that dish has been given to a dog and he has died. You knew then which was the poisoned dish. The rajah has ordered your execution. I offer you life if you will tell me who it was that tempted you."

The prisoner preserved a stolid silence.

"Hossein, you have failed in your duty, you have tried to slay a master who was kind to you and trusted you."

"No, Sahib," the man exclaimed passionately. "You

did not trust me. The food I sent you was tested and tried."

Charlie looked at him steadily.

"I believe you," he said. "You were mistaken. I had no suspicions. My servant feared for me and took these precautions without telling me. However, Hossein, I pardon you, and if you will swear to me to be faithful in future I will trust you. You shall again be my cook, and I will eat the food as you prepare it for me."

"I am my lord's slave," the man said in a low tone. "My life is his."

Charlie nodded, and the guard standing on either side of the prisoner stepped back, and without another word he left the room a free man.

Henceforth the oven was removed from the antechamber, and Charlie took his meals as Hossein prepared them for him. The man said little, but Charlie felt sure from the glances that he cast at him that he could rely upon Hossein now to the death.

CHAPTER XIII

AN ATTEMPT AT MURDER

One night, a fortnight after the events which have been described, Charlie was asleep on his bed on the flats above his room. On one side the house rose straight beside it. On two others was the fall to the valley, on the fourth side was the wall, along which two sentries were pacing to and fro. From time to time, from a door some distance along the side of the house, opening on to the wall, a white figure came out, stretched himself as if unable to sleep, looked for a while over the parapet down into the valley, appeared to listen intently, and then sauntered into the house again. It was the cook,

Hossein. It was but a moment later that his face appeared at the window next to that of Charlie's bedroom. He stretched his head out and again listened intently. Then he went to Tim, who was sleeping heavily on a couch placed there, and touched him. He put his hand on his lips as Tim sprang up. "Take arms," he said in Hindostanee. "Bad man coming."

Tim understood the words, and seizing a sword and pistol which lay close to the bedside followed Hossein, who had glided up the stairs with a drawn tulwar in his hand. At the moment he did so there was a noise of heavy bodies dropping, followed by a sudden shout from Charlie. There was a sound of clashing of arms and the report of a pistol. As Tim's eyes came on a level with the terrace he saw Hossein bound with uplifted blade into the midst of a group of men in the corner. Three times the blade rose and fell, and each time a loud shriek followed. Then he disappeared in the midst. Tim was but a few seconds behind him. Discharging his pistol into the body of one of the men, and running his sword into another, he, too, stood by the side of his master. Charlie, streaming with blood, was half sitting half lying in the angle of the parapet. Hossein, his turban off, his long hair streaming down his back, was standing over him, fighting furiously against some ten men who still pressed forward, while several others lay upon the ground.

In spite of the arrival of Charlie's two allies they still pressed forward, but the shots of the pistols had been echoed by the muskets of the sentries. Loud shouts were heard, showing that the alarm was sounding through the palace. The assailants now thought only of escape, but their position was a desperate one. Some rushed to the end of the terrace and tried to climb the ropes by which they had slid down from the upper roof of the house. Others endeavoured to rush down the staircase, but Tim with one of the sentries guarded this point, until a rush of feet below told that the guard were

coming to their assistance. There was a short and desperate conflict. Tim was hurled down. Then two of the conspirators bounded up the staircase on to the roof, ran to the parapet, and leaped over into the valley, two hundred feet below. They were the last of the eighteen men who had lowered themselves from the roof above to attack Charlie.

As soon as Tim picked himself up he hastened to ascend the stairs again, and to run to the side of his master. Charlie was insensible. Leaning against the parapet, too weak to stand, but still holding his sword and ready to throw himself once more before him, stood Hossein, who now, seeing Tim approach, and that all danger was over, dropped his sword and sank upon the ground.

The native surgeon who attended Charlie pronounced that none of the five wounds he had received, although for the most part severe, were necessarily fatal, and that there was every chance of his recovery. Hossein's wounds, three in number, were pronounced to be more dangerous, one being a deep stab in the body given by a man who had rushed at him as he was guarding the blow of another. Tim's wounds were comparatively slight; so, with one arm in a sling and his head bandaged, he was able to take his place by his master's bedside.

It was a fortnight before Charlie, still very weak and feeble, was able to totter from his room to that in which Hossein was lying. He himself knew nothing of what had passed after he fell. The conflict had to him been little more than a dream. Awakened from sleep by the sound of his assailants as they dropped from the ropes, he had leaped up as a rush of figures came towards him, catching up his sword and pistol as he did so. He had shot the first and cut down the next who rushed at him, but at the same moment he had felt a sharp pain and remembered no more.

Charlie with difficulty made his way to the bedside of the brave Mohammedan. The latter, however, did not know him.

He was in the delirium of fever. He was talking rapidly to himself. "He trusted me," he said. "He gave me my life. Should I not give mine for him? Anyone else would have had me hung as a dog. I will watch; I will watch; he shall see that Hossein is not ungrateful."

Charlie's eyes filled with tears as he looked at the wasted form of his follower. "Is there any hope for him?" he asked the doctor.

"It is possible, just possible that he may live," the latter said. "Allah only knows."

"Do all you can to save him," Charlie said; "I shall be ever grateful to you if you do."

Tim, now that his master could dispense with his services, transferred his attentions to the bedside of Hossein, and was unremitting in the care and attention with which he kept the bandages on his head cool with fresh water, and wetted his hot lips with refreshing drinks. It was another week before his illness took a turn. Then the fever left him, and he lay weak and helpless as an infant. Strong soups now took the place of the cooling drinks, and in a few days the native doctor was able to say confidently that the danger was past, and that Hossein would recover.

In the meantime the investigations of the rajah had brought to light the details of the conspiracy. The wounded men had confessed that they were employed by three of the principal persons at the rajah's court, one of them being the rajah's brother. The attack had begun with the attempt upon Charlie's life, because it was believed that his death would paralyse the troops who were faithful to the rajah.

At the end of six weeks Charlie was able to resume his duties, and his appearance at the parade ground was hailed with enthusiastic shouts by the soldiers. A storm was gathering over Ambur. The rajah's brother was raising a force to attack him, and had, by means of large promises in case of success, persuaded Morari Rao to take up his cause, and

he had, it was said, also sent messages to the Nizám, pointing out that, in case of war with the English, the Rajah of Ambur would be a thorn in his side.

The rajah, on his side, had also sent messengers to Hyderabad with assurances to the Nizám of his fidelity and friendship. The weak point of the defence was the hill behind the town. This sloped up gradually to a point higher than the level of the projecting rock upon which the castle stood. Here Charlie determined to establish a battery.

A space large enough for the construction of the battery, and for the tents and stores of the artillerymen and two hundred infantry, was marked out, and the rajah ordered the whole population of Ambur, men, women, and children, to assist at the work. The troops, too, were all employed, and under Charlie's superintendence a wondrous change was soon effected. The spot chosen was levelled, a strong earthwork was erected round it, and then the surrounding ground was removed.

For a hundred yards on each side the earth and stones had been entirely removed down to the solid rock. Ten guns were placed in the battery, and the fire of these swept the slopes behind the town and castle, rendering it impossible, until the fort was carried, for an enemy to attack the town on that side, or to operate in any way against the only point at which an attack could be made upon the castle.

The rajah was delighted at this most formidable accession to the defensive powers of his fortress, which was now in a position to defy any attack which could be made against it. A store of provisions and ammunition was collected there, and the command given to one of Charlie's Sepoy lieutenants, with a hundred trained artillerymen, and two hundred infantry. Numbers of cattle had been driven into the town and castle, and stores of provisions collected.

It was but two days after the battery was complete that the news arrived that the rajah's brother with Morari Rao had

entered the rajah's dominions, and was marching up the valley to the assault.

Two bodies of troops, each three hundred strong, were sent down to the gorge, with orders to remain in hiding among the heights, to allow the invading army to pass unmolested, and then to inflict the greatest possible loss upon them as they returned. These were under the command of another of Charlie's lieutenants, who received orders from him to erect breastworks of rock on the slopes above the entrance to the gorge, after the enemy had passed on, and to line these with a portion of his men who should pour a heavy fire into the enemy as they came down the valley, while the rest were to line the heights above the gorge and to roll down rocks upon those who passed through the fire of their comrades.

The uniforms were served out to the soldiers, and Charlie surveyed with pride the five battalions of trained troops which with twelve guns marched down into the valley and took up their post beyond it, at a point which he had carefully chosen, where the guns of the castle would be able to play upon an advancing body of troops.

An hour or two after the position so carefully prepared had been taken up, large bodies of Maratta horse were seen dashing up the valley, and smoke rising from several points showed that they had begun their usual work of plundering and destroying the villages on their way.

Presently the horsemen opened, and a compact body of three thousand Maratta infantry, accompanied by an equal number of the irregulars of the rajah's brother, advanced to the attack, while the cavalry at their sides swept down upon the flanks of the rajah's position, and thirty pieces of artillery opened fire. Not a shot was fired in return, Charlie ordering his men to lie down behind the breastworks until they received the word of command to show themselves. The Maratta horsemen, compelled by the bends of the stream to keep near the foot of the slopes, came forward in gallant style,

until suddenly from every wall and every clump of bushes on the slopes above them a tremendous fire of musketry broke out, while the twelve field-guns, six of which were posted on either side of Charlie's centre, poured a destructive fire into them. So deadly was the rain of iron and lead that the Maratta horsemen instantly drew bridle, and leaving the ground strewn with their dead, galloped back.

By this time the infantry, covered by the fire of their artillery, had reached the stream. This was waist deep, and the banks were some two feet above its level. As they scrambled up after crossing it, from the line of embankment in front of them a tremendous fire was opened. Although mowed down in scores the seasoned warriors of the Maratta chief, cheered on by his voice as, recklessly exposing himself, he rode among them, pressed forward. Ever increasing numbers gained a footing across the stream, those in front keeping up a heavy fire at the breastwork, whose face was ploughed by their cannon-shot. As they advanced, the guns of the castle opened fire, not upon those in front, for these were too near the line of entrenchment, but upon the struggling mass still crossing the stream, into which a ceaseless fire of musketry was poured from the slopes on their flanks.

Still the Maratta infantry struggled bravely on until within a few yards of the entrenchments. Then, suddenly with a mighty shout the rajah's troops leaped to their feet, poured a volley from the crest of the breastwork into the enemy, and then with fixed bayonets flung themselves upon them. The effect was decisive. Before the bayonets crossed the Marattas broke and fled, hotly pursued by the troops of the rajah. These, in accordance with Charlie's orders, did not scatter, but kept in a close line, four deep, which advanced pouring tremendous volleys into their foe. In vain did Morari Rao endeavour to rally his men. His infantry, all order lost, fled at the top of their speed, their flight covered by their cavalry, who sacrificed themselves in two or three brilliant charges right up to

the line of pursuers, although suffering terribly from the withering volleys poured into their ranks.

The troops were now formed into heavy columns, and these rapidly marched down the valley after their flying enemy. An hour later the sound of heavy firing was heard in front, and at redoubled speed the troops pressed onward. When, however, they arrived at the gorge they found that the last of the fugitives had passed through. The ground in front was strewn with dead and dying, for as the mass of fugitives had reached the gorge, the infantry from above had opened fire upon them. Several times the frightened throng had recoiled, but at last, impelled by the greater fear of their pursuers behind, they had dashed forward through the fire, only to fall in hundreds in the gorge, crushed beneath the rain of rocks showered down upon them from above.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SIEGE OF AMBUR

"What think you," the rajah said to Charlie, as, the long feast at an end, they sat together in the divan smoking their narghiles, "will be the result when the news of the defeat of Morari Rao reaches Hyderabad?"

"It is difficult to say," Charlie replied. "It is possible, of course, that it may be considered that it is better to leave you in peace; but upon the other hand it may be that they will consider that you are so formidable a power that it is absolutely necessary to crush you at once, rather than to give you the chance of joining against them in the war which must sooner or later take place between them and the English. In that case it will be a very different affair from that which we have had to-day. Still, I should send off a messenger to-morrow to acquaint the Nizám with the defeat you inflicted upon

the Marattas who have invaded you, to assure him again of your loyalty, and to beg him to lay his authority upon Morari Rao not to renew the attack."

Ten days later a messenger arrived from the Nizám ordering the rajah to repair at once to Hyderabad to explain his conduct. The latter sent back a message of humble excuses, saying that his health was so injured by the excitement of recent events that he was unable to travel, but that when he recovered he would journey to Hyderabad to lay his respects at the feet of the Nizám.

Ten days later they heard that the army of the Nizám, of fifteen thousand troops, with eight hundred French under Bussy, were marching against them, and that the horsemen of Morari Rao were devastating the villages near the frontier. A council of war was held. Charlie would fain have fought in the open again, believing that his trained troops, flushed with their recent victory, would be a match even for the army of the Nizám. But the rajah and the rest of the council, alarmed at the presence of the French troops, who had hitherto proved invincible against vastly superior forces of natives, shrank from such a course, and it was decided that they should content themselves with the defence of the town and castle.

Charlie had taken the command of the town, as it was against this that the efforts of the enemy would be first directed. He presently saw a small body of horsemen ride out of the camp and mount the hill-side across the valley. A glass showed that some of these were native officers, while others were in the dark uniform of the French.

"I have no doubt," Charlie said to the rajah, "that is the Nizám himself with Bussy gone up to reconnoitre the position. I wonder how he likes the look of it."

The guns on the wall were too weak to silence the batteries of the besiegers, although these were much annoyed by the fire from the fort, which dismounted four of their guns and blew up one of their magazines. Seeing that the mud wall

of the town was crumbling rapidly before the besiegers' fire, Charlie set his troops to work and levelled every house within fifty yards of it, and with the stones and beams formed barricades across the ends of the streets beyond. Many of the guns from other portions of the walls were removed and placed on these barricades. The ends of the houses were loopholed, and all was prepared for a desperate defence.

Charlie's experience at Arcot stood him in good stead, and he imitated the measures taken by Clive at that place.

Upon the evening of the third day the besiegers' fire had done its work, and a gap in the wall some eighty yards wide was formed. The garrison were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, and a strict watch was set. Towards morning a distant hum in the Nizám's camp proclaimed that the troops were mustering for the assault. The besiegers' guns had continued their fire all night, to prevent working parties from placing obstacles in the breach. As the first shades of daylight appeared the fire ceased, and a great column of men poured forward to the assault.

Then from housetop and loophole, and from the walls on either side, a concentrated fire of musketry was poured upon them, while twelve guns, four on each barricade, swept them with grape. The head of the column withered away under the fire, long lanes were swept through the crowded mass, and after a minute or two's wild firing at their concealed foes, the troops of the Nizám, appalled and shattered by the tremendous fire, broke and fled.

An hour later the besiegers hoisted a white flag and requested to be allowed to bury their dead and remove their wounded. This Charlie agreed to, with the proviso that these should be carried by his own men beyond the breach, as he did not wish that the enemy should have an opportunity of examining the internal defences. The task occupied some time, as more than five hundred dead and dying lay scattered in the open space.

At the end of that time they had erected and armed two batteries, which at daylight opened upon the walls which formed the flanks of the clear space behind the breach. Although suffering heavily from the fire of the besieged, and losing many men, these batteries kept up their fire unceasingly night and day, until great gaps had been made in the walls, and Charlie was obliged to withdraw his troops from them behind the line of barricades.

The enemy this time prepared to attack by daylight, and early in the morning the whole army of the Nizám marched to the assault. More than once the troops of the rajah, rushing down the embankment, drove back the struggling masses, but so heavily did they suffer from the fire when they thus exposed themselves, that Charlie forbade them to repeat the attempt. He knew that there was safety behind, and was unwilling that his brave fellows should throw away their lives.

The long blast of a trumpet was heard even above the tremendous din. In an instant the barricades were deserted, and the defenders rushed into the houses. The partition walls between these on the lower floors had already been knocked down, and without suffering from the heavy fire which the assailants opened as soon as they gained the crest of the barricade, the defenders retreated along these covered ways until in rear of the second line of defence. This was held by the battalion placed there until the whole of the defenders of the town had left it by the gate leading up to the fort. Then Charlie withdrew this battalion also, and the town remained in the hands of the enemy, who had lost, Charlie reckoned, fully fifteen hundred men in the assault. During the fight Tim and the faithful Hossein, now fully recovered and promoted to the rank of an officer, had remained close beside him, and were, with him, the last to leave the town.

Two days passed without any further operations on the part of the enemy, and then Bussy, seeing that nothing what-

ever could be done towards assaulting the fortress so long as the battery remained in the hands of the besieged, determined to make a desperate effort to carry it, ignorant of its immense strength. Charlie, believing that such an attempt would be made, had upon the day following the fall of the town taken his post there, and had ordered a most vigilant watch to be kept up each night, placing sentries some hundred yards away on either side to give warning of the approach of an enemy.

Towards daybreak on the third morning a shot upon the left, followed a few seconds later by one on the right, told that the enemy were approaching. Scarcely were the garrison at their posts when the French were seen to be drawing near. They at once broke into a run, and, gallantly led, dashed across the space of cleared rock in spite of the heavy fire of musketry and grape by the garrison.

Bussy himself, who was commanding one of the columns, pushed his way through his struggling soldiers to the edge of the trench, when, seeing the impossibility of scaling the sides, unprovided as he was with scaling-ladders, he gave the order to retreat; and the columns, harassed by the flanking fire of the guns of the castle and pursued by that of the battery, retreated, having lost some hundreds of their number besides a hundred and fifty of their best men prisoners in the deep trench around the battery. These were summoned to surrender; and, resistance being impossible, they at once laid down their arms. Ladders were lowered to them and they were marched as prisoners to the fort.

The next morning, when the defenders of the fortress looked over the valley, the great camp was gone. The Nizám and Bussy, despairing of carrying the position, at once so enormously strong by nature and so gallantly defended, had raised the siege, which had cost them over two thousand of their best soldiers, including two hundred French killed and prisoners, and retreated to the plateau of the Deccan.

The exultation of the rajah and his troops was unbounded. They felt that now and henceforth they were safe from another invasion, and the rajah saw that in the future he should be able to gain greatly increased territory as an ally of the English. His gratitude to Charlie was limitless, and he literally loaded him with costly presents.

Three weeks later a letter was received by the latter from Mr. Saunders, congratulating him upon the inestimable service which he had rendered, and appointing him to the rank of captain in the Company's service. Now that the rajah would be able to protect himself should any future assault be made upon him, he himself had better return to Madras, where, as Mr. Saunders said, the services of so capable an officer were greatly needed. Charlie, accompanied by the four Sepoys—all of whom had been promoted to the rank of officers—by Tim Kelly and Hossein, who would not separate himself a moment from his side, started from Ambur with an escort of thirty horsemen.

The rajah was quite affected at the parting, and the army which Charlie had formed and organized paraded before him for the last time and then shouted their farewell.

For several days the party rode through the hills without incident, and on the fifth day they saw stretched at their feet a rich flat country dotted with villages, beyond which extended the long blue line of the sea. The distance was greater than Charlie imagined, and it was only after several days' long ride that he reached Calicut, where he was received with great honour by the rajah, to whom the leader of the escort brought letters of introduction from the Rajah of Ambur. For four days Charlie remained as his guest, and then took a passage in a large native vessel bound for Ceylon, whence he would have no difficulty in obtaining passage to Madras.

The weather was lovely, and the clumsy craft with all sail set was soon running down the coast. When they had sailed some hours from Calicut, from behind a headland four vessels

suddenly made their appearance. They were lower in the water and much less clumsy in appearance than the ordinary native craft, and were propelled not only by their sails but by a number of oars on each side. No sooner did the captain and crew of the ship behold these vessels than they raised a cry of terror and despair.

"What on earth is the matter?" Charlie exclaimed. "What vessels are those, and why are you afraid of them?"

"Tulaji Angria! Tulaji Angria!" the captain cried, and the crew took up the refrain. The name that they uttered fully accounted for their terror.

CHAPTER XV

THE PIRATES' HOLD

Charlie Marryat had, of course, frequently heard of the doings of these noted pirates, and the cry of Tulaji Angria at once explained to him the terror of the master and crew.

"What is it, Mr. Charles? What on earth is the botheration about? Is it the little ships they're afeered of?"

"Those ships belong to a pirate called Tulaji Angria," Charlie said, "and I am very much afraid, Tim, that we are likely to see the inside of his fortress."

"It's mighty lucky," Tim said, "that yer honour left all your presents to be forwarded to Madras. I thought you were wrong, Mr. Charles, when you advised me to send them thousand rupees the rajah gave me, along with your money. A hundred pounds wasn't a sum that Tim Kelly was likely to handle again in a hurry, and it went agin the grain with me to part with them out of my hands; sure and it's well I took yer honour's advice."

The four Sepoy officers also exchanged a few words with Charlie.

"Keep up your spirits," Charlie said. "It is a bad business, but we must hope for the best. If we bide our time we may see some chance of escape. You had better lay down your arms in a pile here. Then we will sit down quietly and await their coming on board. They will be here in a minute now."

Scarcely had the seven passengers taken their seats in a group on the poop, when the freebooters ranged alongside and swarmed over the sides on to the deck. The leader of the party, leaving to his followers the task of examining the hold, walked towards the group on the poop. They rose at his approach.

"Who are you?" the Maratta asked.

"I am an officer in the English Company's service," Charlie said, "as are these five natives. The other Englishman is a soldier under my orders."

"Good!" the Maratta said emphatically. "Tulaji Angria will be glad to have you. When your people capture any of our men, which is not often, they hang them. Tulaji is glad to have people he can hang too."

A score of the Marattas remained in charge of the trader. Her head was turned north, and, accompanied by the four Maratta boats, she proceeded up the coast again. They were eight days before they approached Gheria. Early in the morning a heavy cannonade was heard in the distance, causing the greatest excitement among the Marattas. Every sail was hoisted, the sweeps got out, and the four light craft made their way rapidly along the coast. The firing became heavier and heavier, and as the light increased three large Dutch ships of war could be seen about two miles ahead, surrounded by a host of smaller craft.

The four newly arrived craft joined in the fray.

"This is mighty unpleasant, yer honour," Tim said, as a shot from one of the Dutch men-of-war struck the craft they were in, crashing a hole through her bulwarks, and laying five

or six of her crew upon the deck, killed or wounded by the splinters. "Here we are in the middle of a fight in which we've no consarn whatever, and which is carried on without asking our will or pleasure; and we are as likely to be killed by a Christian shot as these haythen niggers. Hear them yell, yer honour. A faction fight's nothing to it. Look, yer honour, look! There's smoke curling up from a hatchway of the big ship. If they haven't set her afire!"

Down came the Dutch flag, fluttering from the masthead of the sloop, and the wild Maratta yell proclaimed that the victory was everywhere complete. The frigates were now a sheet of flames, and the Maratta craft drew away from them, until with two tremendous explosions their magazines blew up and they sank beneath the waters.

"I should scarcely have believed it possible," Charlie said, "that three fine ships of war, mounting a hundred and four guns, could be destroyed by a fleet of pirates, however numerous. Well, Tim, there is no doubt that these natives can fight when well led. It is just as well, you see, that we did not attempt to offer any resistance in that clumsy craft we were on board."

"You're right there, yer honour. They would have aten us up in five minutes. It makes my heart bleed to think of the sailors of those two fine ships, I don't believe that a soul has escaped; but in the small one some may have been taken prisoners."

On their arrival at Suvarnadrug the prisoners were handed over to the governor, and were imprisoned in one of the casemates of the fort. The next day they were taken out and ordered to work, and for weeks they laboured at the fortifications with which the pirates were strengthening their already naturally strong position. The labour was very severe, but it was a consolation to the captives that they were kept together. By Charlie's advice they exerted themselves to the utmost, and thus succeeded in pleasing their masters, and in

escaping with but a small share of the blows which were liberally distributed among other prisoners, native and European, employed upon the work. Charlie, indeed, was appointed as a sort of overseer, having under him not only his own party but thirty others, of whom twenty were natives, and ten English sailors, who had been captured in a merchantman. Although closely watched, he was able to cheer these men by giving them a hope that a chance of escape from their captivity might shortly arrive. All expressed their readiness to run any risk to regain their liberty.

From what he heard the pirates say, Charlie learned that they were expecting an attack from an expedition which was preparing at Bombay. One morning upon starting to work they perceived by the stir in the fortress that something unusual was taking place, and presently, on reaching the rampart, they saw in the distance a small squadron approaching. They could make out that it consisted of a ship of forty-four guns, one of sixteen, and two bomb vessels, together with a fleet of native craft.

The pirate fleet were all getting up sail.

"It's a bold thing, Tim, to attack this fortress with only two ships, when the pirates have lately beaten a Dutch squadron mounting double the number of guns."

"Ah, yer honour, but thin there is the Union Jack floating at the masthead! Do you think the creeturs don't know the differ?"

Charlie had been thinking of the best measures to be taken to aid his friends ever since the squadron came in sight, and after sitting quietly for half an hour he called his officers around him.

"I am convinced," he said, "that, if unaided from within, the ships will have no chance whatever of taking this fortress; but I think that we may help them. The upper fort, which contains the magazine, commands the whole of the interior. But its guns do not bear upon the ships where they are an-

chored. Probably the place at present is almost deserted. As no one pays any attention to us, I propose, with Tim Kelly and the ten English sailors, to seize it. We can close the gate and discharge the guns upon the defenders of the sea face. We could not, of course, defend it for five minutes if they attacked us; but we would threaten to blow up the magazine if they did so. I propose that to-morrow morning you four and Hossein shall strip to your loin-clothes, and just before it becomes light go along the walls, and stop up, with pieces of wood, the touch-holes of as many of the cannon as you can. It would not do to use nails, even if we had them. No one will notice in the dark that you are not Marattas, and if you scatter about you may each manage to close up four or five guns at least. It is, I know, a desperate service, and if discovered you will be instantly killed. But if it succeeds, the pirates, scared by discovering, just as our ships open fire, that a number of their guns are disabled, while we take them in the rear from the fort behind, may not improbably surrender at once."

The four native officers stated their willingness to join in the plan. Hossein did not consider any reply necessary. With him it was a matter of course to do whatever Charlie suggested. The latter then went into the next casemate and unfolded his plan to the sailors, who heartily agreed to make an effort for their liberty.

Towards morning the five natives, with the skewers hidden away in their loin-clothes and their turbans twisted in Maratta fashion, stole out from the casemate. Charlie had ordered, that in case they should see that the ships had drawn off from the position they occupied on the preceding day, they should return without attempting to carry out their task. He himself, with Tim, joined the sailors, and, first ascending the ramparts and seeing that the ships were still at anchor abreast of the fort, he and his comrades strolled across the interior of the fort in the direction of the magazine. They did not keep together,

nor did all move directly towards the position which they wished to gain.

Presently a dull boom was heard. There was a whistling sound, and with a thud, followed by a loud explosion, a bomb fell and burst in the open space.

This was the signal for action.

The pirates in a moment hurried down to the bastions overlooking the sea, and the Englishmen gathered in a group near the entrance to the magazine. Besides their knives they had no arms, but each had picked up two or three heavy stones. A minute after the explosion of the shell the cannonade of the ships broke out. It was answered by only a few guns from the fortress, and yells of astonishment and rage were heard to arise. A moment later five natives ran up to the group of Englishmen. Their work had been well done, and more than three-fourths of the guns on the sea face had been rendered temporarily useless.

Charlie gave the word, and with a rush they entered the upper fort. There were but two or three men there, who were just hurrying out with their bags of powder. These, before they realized the position, were instantly knocked down and bound. The gate of the fort was then shut and barred, and the party ran up to the bastion above. Not a single pirate was to be seen there. The six guns which stood there were at once loaded with grape, and a heavy discharge was poured into the crowded masses of pirates upon the bastions on the sea face.

The wildest confusion raged. At last some of their leaders rallied the men, and with yells of fury a rush was made towards the magazine. They were received with another discharge of grape, which took terrible effect. Many recoiled, but their leaders, shouting to them that the guns were discharged, and there were but a dozen men there, led them on again.

Charlie leaped upon the edge of the parapet and shouted:

"If you attack us we will blow up the magazine. I have but to lift my hand and the magazine will be fired."

A shell from the ships falling on to a thatched building set it on fire. The flames rapidly spread, and soon all the small huts occupied by the garrison were in flames. Commodore James, who commanded the squadron, now directed his fire at Fort Goa, which was being feebly attacked on the land side by a Maratta force, which had been landed a few miles down the coast from the Maratta fleet accompanying the English ships. The fort shortly surrendered; but while the Marattas were marching to take possession, the governor, with some of his best men, took boat and crossed over to the island.

The fire from its guns again opened, and as Commodore James thought it probable that the pirates would in the night endeavour to throw in large reinforcements, he determined to carry it by storm. The ships opened fire upon the walls, and under cover of this half the seamen were landed ; these ran up to the gate and thundered at it with their axes. Charlie and his companions aided the movement by again opening a heavy fire of grape upon the guns which bore upon the sally-port, and when the gates were forced the garrison, utterly dispirited by the cross-fire to which they were subjected, at once laid down their arms.

CHAPTER XVI

A TIGER HUNT

Commodore James was greatly astonished at the easy success which he had gained. He was surprised indeed at being received with a hearty English cheer from a little body of men on the summit of an interior work. The gate of this was at once thrown open, and Charlie, followed by his party, advanced towards the commodore.

"I am Captain Marryat, sir, of the Company's service in Madras, and was captured three months ago by these pirates. When you attacked the place yesterday I arranged to

effect a small diversion, and with the assistance of these five native officers, of my soldier servant here, and these ten men of the merchant service, we have, I hope, been able to do so. The native officers disabled the greater portion of the guns during the night, and when you opened fire this morning we seized this inner work, which is also the magazine, and opened fire upon the rear of the sea defences."

"Then, sir," Commodore James said warmly, "I have to thank you most heartily for the assistance you have given. In fact it is you who have captured the fortress. I was by no means prepared to find it so strong, and, indeed, had come to the conclusion last night that the force at my command was wholly insufficient for its capture. Fortunately, I determined to try the effect of another day's fire. But had it not been for you this would assuredly have been as ineffectual as the first. You have, indeed, performed a most gallant action, and I shall have great pleasure in reporting your conduct to the authorities at home."

The fleet returned to Bombay, for it was evidently wholly insufficient to attempt an assault on Gheria, defended as that place would be by the whole pirate fleet, which had, even without the assistance of its guns, proved itself a match for a squadron double the strength of that under the command of Commodore James. The rejoicings at Bombay were immense, for enormous damage had been inflicted on the commerce of that place by this pirate hold, situated but eighty miles from the port. Commodore James and his officers were fêted, and Charlie Marryat had his full share of honour; the gallant sailor everywhere assigning to him the credit of its capture.

Charlie would now have sailed at once for Madras, but the authorities wished him to remain, as Clive was shortly expected to arrive with a considerable force which was destined to act against the French at Hyderabad.

Upon reaching Bombay Clive found that events had occurred in the south which would prevent the intended expe-

dition from taking place. The French government had suddenly recalled Dupleix, the great man whose talent and statesmanship had sustained their cause.

Upon Clive's arrival Charlie at once reported himself to him. For a time, however, no active duty was assigned to him, as it was uncertain what steps would now be taken. Finally it was resolved that, taking advantage of the presence of Clive and his troops, and of a squadron which had arrived under Admiral Watson, the work commenced by Commodore James should be completed by the capture of Gheria and the entire destruction of the pirate power.

The peshwa had already asked them to aid him in his attack upon Angria, and Commodore James was now sent with the *Protector* and two other ships to reconnoitre Gheria, which no Englishman then living had seen. The natives described it as of enormous strength, and it was believed that it was an Eastern Gibraltar. Commodore James found the enemy's fleet at anchor in the harbour. Notwithstanding this he sailed in until within cannon-shot, and so completely were the enemy cowed and demoralized by the loss of Suvarnadrug that they did not venture out to attack him.

After ascertaining the position and character of the defences, he returned, at the end of December, to Bombay, and reported that while exceedingly strong the place was by no means impregnable. The Maratta army under the command of Ramajee Punt marched to blockade the place on the land side; and on the 11th of February, 1756, the fleet, consisting of four ships of the line, of seventy, sixty-four, sixty, and fifty guns, a frigate of forty-four and three of twenty, a native ship called a grab, of twelve guns, and five mortar ships, arrived before the place.

Charlie Marryat had been sent by Clive as commissioner with the Maratta army. A party of Maratta horsemen came down to Bombay to escort him to Chaule, at which place the Maratta army was assembled for the march.

The journey occupied five days, and was most enjoyable. Charlie and Tim agreed that they had spent no pleasanter time in India than that occupied by their journey.

Charlie was received with much honour by Ramajee Punt, and was assigned a gorgeous tent next to his own.

There was little to do, and Charlie accepted with eagerness an offer of Ramajee Punt that they should go out for two or three days' tiger hunting at the foot of the hills.

At sunset the party started. It consisted of Ramajee Punt, one of his favourite officers, and a score of soldiers. An officer had already gone on to enlist the services of the men of two or three villages as beaters. A small but comfortable tent had been erected for the party and supper prepared. The native shikari or sportsman of the neighbourhood had brought in the news that tigers were plentiful, and that one of unusual size had been committing great depredations, and had only the day before carried off a bullock into the thickets a mile from the spot at which they were encamped.

In the morning the elephants were brought out. Charlie took his place in the front of a howdah with Tim behind him. Three rifles were placed in the seat, and these Tim was to hand to his master as he discharged them.

On reaching the spot, which was a narrow valley with steep sides running up into the hill, the elephants came to a stand. The mouth of the valley was some fifty yards wide, and the animal might break from the trees at any point. The ground was covered with high coarse grass. Ramajee Punt placed himself in the centre, assigning to Charlie the position on his right, telling him that it was the best post, as it was on this side the tiger had been seen to enter. Soon after they had taken their places, a tremendous clamour arose near the head of the valley. Drums were beaten, horns blown, and scores of men joined in with shouts and howls.

"What on arth are they up to, Mr. Charles?"

"They are driving the tiger this way, Tim. Now, sit

quiet and keep a sharp look-out, and be ready to hand me a rifle the instant I have fired."

Suddenly there was a movement among the bushes, a tiger sprang out about half-way between Charlie's elephant and that of Ramajee Punt. It paused for a moment on seeing them, and then, as it was about to spring forward, two balls struck it. It sprang a short distance, however, and then fell, rolling over and over. One ball had broken a fore-leg, the other had struck it on the head. Another ball from Ramajee Punt struck it as it rolled over and over, and it lay immovable.

"Why didn't you hand me the next rifle, Tim?" Charlie said sharply.

"It went clane out of my head altogether. To think now, and you kilt it in a moment. The tiger is a poor baste anyhow. I've seen a cat make ten times as strong a fight for its life. Holy Moses!"

The last exclamation was called from Tim's lips by a sudden jerk. A huge tiger, far larger than that which had fallen, had sprung up from the brushwood and leaped upon the elephant. With one fore-paw he grasped the howdah, with the other clung to the elephant's shoulder an inch or two only behind the leg of the mahout. Charlie snatched the rifle from Tim's hand and thrust the muzzle into the tiger's mouth, just as the elephant swerved round with sudden fright and pain. At the same moment the weight of the tiger on the howdah caused the girths to give way, and Charlie, Tim, and the tiger fell together on the ground. Charlie had pulled his trigger just as he felt himself going, and at the same moment he heard the crack of Ramajee Punt's rifle. The instant they touched the ground Tim and Charlie cast themselves over and over two or three times and then leaped to their feet, Charlie grasping his rifle to make the best defence he could if the tiger sprang upon him. The creature lay, however, immovable.

"It is dead, Tim," Charlie exclaimed; "you needn't be afraid."

"And no wonder, yer honour, when I pitched head first smack on to his stomach. It would have killed a horse."

Two more tigers were killed that afternoon, and, well pleased with his day's sport, Charlie returned to the hunting camp. The next day Hossein begged that he might be allowed to accompany Charlie in Tim's place, and, as the Irishman was perfectly willing to surrender it, the change was agreed upon. The march was a longer one than it had been on the previous morning. A notorious man-eating tiger was known to have taken up his abode in a large patch of jungle at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of rock about ten miles from the place where the camp was pitched. The patch of jungle stood upon a steep terrace whose slopes were formed of boulders, the patch being some fifty or sixty yards long and thirty deep.

"It is a nasty place," Ramajee Punt said, "to get him from. The beaters cannot get behind to drive him out, and the jungle is too thick to penetrate."

"How do you intend to proceed?" Charlie asked.

"We will send a party to the top of the hill and they will throw down crackers. We have brought some rockets, too, which we will send in from the other side. We will take our places on our elephants at the foot of the terrace."

Suddenly, uttering a mighty roar, the tiger bounded from the jungle and stood at the edge of the terrace. Startled at his sudden appearance the elephants recoiled, shaking the aim of their riders. Three shots were, however, fired almost at the same moment, and the tiger with another roar bounded back into the jungle.

"I think," the rajah said, "that he is badly hit. Listen to his roarings."

The tiger for a time roared loudly at intervals. Then the sounds became lower and less frequent, and at last ceased altogether.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CAPTURE OF GHERIA

Charlie, convinced that the animal was dead, dismounted from his elephant. He had with him a heavy double-barrelled rifle of the rajah's, and Hossein, carrying a similar weapon and a curved tulwar which was sharpened almost to a razor edge, prepared to follow immediately behind him. Three or four of the most courageous shikaris, with cocked guns, followed in Hossein's steps.

Holding his gun advanced before him, in readiness to fire instantly, Charlie entered the jungle at the point where the tiger had retreated into it. Drops of blood spotted the grass, and the bent and twisted brushwood showed the path that the tiger had taken. Charlie moved as noiselessly as possible. The path led straight forward towards the rocks behind, but it was not until within four or five yards of this that any sign of the tiger could be seen. Then the bushes were burst asunder, and the great yellow body hurled itself forward upon Charlie. The attack was so sudden and instantaneous that the latter had not even time to raise his rifle to his shoulder. Almost instinctively, however, he discharged both of the barrels, but was at the same moment hurled to the ground, where he lay crushed down by the weight of the tiger, whose hot breath he could feel on his face. He closed his eyes only to open them again at the sound of a heavy blow, while a deluge of hot blood flowed over him. He heard Hossein's voice, and then became insensible. When he recovered he found himself lying with his head supported by Hossein outside the jungle.

"Is he dead?" he asked faintly.

"He is dead, Sahib," Hossein replied. "Let the Sahib drink some brandy and he will be strong again."

The next morning he was much recovered, and was able in

the cool of the evening to take his place in a howdah, and to return to the camp before Gheria.

A few days later the fleet made its appearance off the town, and the same evening Tulaji Angria rode up to Ramajee Punt's camp. Charlie was present at the interview, and then went back to his tent, where he directed Hossein at once to mingle with the men who had accompanied Angria, and to find out anything that he could concerning the state of things in the fort. Hossein returned an hour later.

"Sahib," he said, "Ramajee Punt is thinking of cheating the English. He wants, you see, Sahib, to get all the plunder of the fort for himself and his Marattas."

"This is very serious," Charlie said, "and I must let the admiral know at once what is taking place."

Charlie was soon on board the flagship, and informed the admiral and Colonel Clive what Hossein had heard. It was at once resolved to attack upon the following day. The two officers did not think it was likely that the pirates would, even in obedience to their chief's orders, surrender the place until it had been battered by the fleet.

The next morning the fort was summoned to surrender. No answer was received, and as soon as the sea breeze set in, in the afternoon the fleet weighed anchor and proceeded towards the mouth of the river. A gun from the admiral's ship gave the signal, and a hundred and fifty pieces of cannon at once opened fire, while the mortar vessels threw shell into the fort and town. In ten minutes after the fire began a shell fell into one of Angria's large ships and set her on fire. The flames soon spread to the others fastened together on either side of her, and in less than an hour this fleet, which had for fifty years been the terror of the Malabar coast, was utterly destroyed.

In the meantime the fleet kept up their fire with the greatest vigour upon the enemy's works, and before nightfall the enemy's fire was completely silenced. No white flag, however,

was hung up, and the admiral had little doubt that it was intended to surrender the place to the Marattas. As soon, therefore, as it became quite dark, Colonel Clive landed with the troops, and took up a position between the Marattas and the fort.

At four in the afternoon, therefore, the bombardment was renewed, and in less than half an hour a white flag appeared above the wall. As, however, the garrison made no further sign of surrender, and refused to admit Colonel Clive and his troops when he advanced to take possession, the bombardment was again renewed more vigorously than ever. The enemy were unable to support the violence of the fire, and soon shouted over the walls to Clive that they surrendered, and he might enter and take possession. He at once marched in, and the pirates laid down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners.

Admiral Watson and the fleet then returned to Bombay in order to repair the damages which had been inflicted upon them during the bombardment.

After the repairs were completed, the fleet with the troops which had formed the expedition were to sail for Madras. Charlie, however, did not wait for this, but, finding that one of the Company's ships would sail in the course of a few days after their return to Bombay, he obtained leave from Colonel Clive to take a passage in her and to proceed immediately to Madras. Tim and Hossein, of course, accompanied him, and the voyage down the west coast of India and round Ceylon was performed without any marked incident.

When within but a few hours of Madras a hurricane struck them, and for the next three days the tempest was terrible. Upon the fourth morning the passengers, who had, during the tempest, been battened below, came on deck. The sky was bright and clear, and the waves were fast going down. A good deal of sail was already set, and the hands were at work to repair damages.

"Well, Captain," Charlie said to the officer in command of the ship, "I congratulate you on the behaviour of the ship. It has been a tremendous gale, and she has weathered it stoutly."

"Yes, Captain Marryat, she has done well. I have only once or twice been out in so severe a storm since I came to sea."

"And where are we now?" Charlie asked, looking round the horizon. "When shall we be at Madras?"

"Well," the captain said with a smile, "I am afraid that you must give up all idea of seeing Madras just at present. We have been blown right up the bay, and are only a few hours' sail from the mouth of the Hooghly. I have a far larger cargo for that place than for Madras, and it would be a pure waste of time for me to put back now. I intend, therefore, to go to Calcutta first, discharge and fill up there, and then touch at Madras on my way back. I suppose it makes no great difference to you."

"No indeed," Charlie said. "And I am by no means sorry of the opportunity of getting a glimpse of Calcutta, which I might never otherwise have done. I believe things are pretty quiet at Madras at present, and I have been so long away now that a month or two sooner or later will make but little difference."

As the news of the share Charlie had had in the capture of Suvarnadrug had reached Calcutta he was well received, and one of the leading merchants of the town, Mr. Haines, who happened to be present when Charlie called upon the governor, at once invited him warmly to take up his residence with him during his stay. Mr. Haines received him at the door, and at once led him to his room, which was spacious, cool, and airy. Outside was a wide veranda, upon which, in accordance with the customs of the country, servants would sleep.

"Here is your bath-room," Mr. Haines said, pointing to an adjoining room; "I think you will find everything ready. We dine in half an hour."

Charlie was soon in his bath, a luxury which in India every European indulges in at least twice a day. Then in his cool white suit, which at that time formed the regular evening dress, he found his way to the drawing-room. Here he was introduced to the merchant's wife, and to his daughter, a girl of some thirteen years old, as well as to several guests.

Charlie was the hero of the hour, and was asked many questions concerning the capture of Suvarnadrug, and also about the defence of Ambur, which, though now an old story, had excited the greatest interest through India. Presently, however, the conversation turned to local topics, and Charlie learned from the anxious looks and earnest tones of the speakers that the situation was considered a very serious one. He asked but few questions then; but after the guests had retired, and Mr. Haines proposed to him to smoke one more quiet cigar in the cool of the veranda before retiring to bed, he took the opportunity of asking his host to explain to him the situation, with which he had no previous acquaintance.

"Up to the death of Ali Vardi, the old viceroy of Bengal, on the 9th April, we were on good terms with our native neighbours. At his death he was succeeded in the government by Siraj-ud-daula, his grandson. I suppose in all India there is no prince with a worse reputation than this young scoundrel has already gained for himself for profligacy and cruelty. Two days ago a letter came from the viceroy, or, as we generally call him, the nabob, to Mr. Drake, ordering him instantly to demolish all the fortifications which he understood he had been erecting."

"But how do we stand here?" Charlie asked. "What are the means of defence, supposing he should take it into his head to march with the army which he has raised to fight against his cousin, to the attack of Calcutta?"

"Nothing could be worse than our position," Mr. Haines said. "During the fifty years which have passed peacefully here, the fortifications have been entirely neglected."

"What force have we here?" Charlie asked.

"Only a hundred and seventy-four men, of whom the greater portion are natives."

"What sort of man is your commander?"

"We have no means of knowing," Mr. Haines said. "His name is Minchin. He is a great friend of the governor's, and has certainly done nothing to counteract the apathy of the authorities."

A week later, on the 15th of June, a messenger arrived with the news that the nabob with fifty thousand men was advancing against the town, and that in two days he would appear before it.

On the 18th the army of the nabob approached.

Within all was confusion and dismay. In every spot sheltered from the enemy's fire Europeans and natives were huddled together. There was neither head nor direction. With nightfall the fire ceased, but still Mr. Drake and Captain Minchin were undecided what steps to take. At two o'clock in the morning they summoned a council of war, at which Charlie was present, and it was decided that the women and children should at once be sent on board ship.

Towards morning Mr. Haines again joined Charlie. "What do you think?" he said. "Those cowardly villains, Drake and Minchin, have taken the two boats and gone off on board ship!"

"Impossible!" Charlie exclaimed.

"It is too true," Mr. Haines said. "The names of these cowards should be held as infamous as long as the English nation exists. Come, now, we are just assembling to choose a commander. Mr. Peeks is the senior agent; but I think we shall elect Mr. Holwell, who is an energetic and vigorous man."

It was as Mr. Haines had expected. Mr. Holwell was elected, and at once took the lead. He immediately assigned to Charlie the command of the troops. With daybreak the

enemy's fire recommenced. All day long Charlie hurried from post to post encouraging his men and aiding in working the guns. All day long signals had been kept flying for the fleet, two miles below, to come up to the fort; but although these could be plainly seen, not a ship weighed anchor.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE "BLACK HOLE" OF CALCUTTA

At nightfall, when the fire of the enemy slackened, Charlie went to Mr. Holwell.

"It is impossible, sir," he said, "that the fort can hold out, for in another three or four days the whole of the garrison will be killed. The only hope of safety is for the ships to come up and remove the garrison, which they can do without the slightest danger to themselves. If you will allow me, sir, I will swim down to the ships and represent our situation. Cowardly and inhuman as Mr. Drake has proved himself, he can hardly refuse to give orders for the fleet to move up. If you will place Mr. Haines at the corner bastion with a rope, he will recognize my voice, and I can regain the fort."

Mr. Holwell consented, and as soon as it was perfectly dark Charlie had no difficulty in keeping himself afloat until he saw close ahead of him the lights of the ships. He hailed that nearest him. A rope was thrown and he was soon on board. Upon saying that he was the bearer of a message from the gentleman now commanding the fort he was conducted to the cabin, where Mr. Drake and Captain Minchin, having finished their dinner, were with Captain Young sitting comfortably over their wine.

"I have come, sir," Charlie said to Mr. Drake, "from Mr. Holwell, who has, in your absence, been elected to the com-

mand of the fort. He begs you to order up the ships to-night, in order that the garrison may embark."

"It is quite out of the question," Mr. Drake said coldly—"quite. It would be extremely dangerous."

"Then, sir, Mr. Holwell has charged me that if—which, however, he could not believe for a moment to be possible—you refuse to move up the ships to receive the garrison on board, that you would at least order all the boats up, as these would be amply sufficient to carry them away. Even in the daytime there would be no danger for the ships, and at night, at least boats might come up without being exposed to any risk whatever."

"I shall certainly do nothing of the sort," Mr. Drake said. "The danger is even greater for the boats than for the ships."

"And am I, sir, to return to the garrison of that fort with the news that you utterly desert them, that you intend to remain quietly here while they are sacrificed before your eyes? Is it possible that you are capable of such infamy as this?"

"Infamy!" exclaimed the three men, rising to their feet.

"I place you in arrest at once, for your insolence," Mr. Drake said.

"I despise your arrest as I do yourself. I did not believe it possible," Charlie said, at last giving vent to his anger and scorn; "and England will not believe that three Englishmen so cowardly, so infamous as yourselves, are to be found."

Charlie walked to the door and sprang up the cabin stairs, and, as he did so, heard shouts for assistance from behind. He gained the deck, walked quietly to the bulwark, and, placing his hand upon it, sprang over the side into the river. He swam to shore, and, climbing up the bank, made his way along it back to the fort, where he arrived without any mis-adventure. A fury of indignation seized all in the fort when the result of Charlie's mission became known.

With daybreak the attack recommenced, but the garrison all day bravely repulsed every attempt of the enemy to gain a footing. But the night passed without a movement on the river, and in the morning the fleet were seen still lying at anchor.

The enemy recommenced the attack even more vigorously than before. The men fell fast, and, to Charlie's great grief, his friend Mr. Haines was shot by a bullet as he was standing next to him. Charlie anxiously knelt beside him.

"It is all over with me," he murmured. "Poor little Ada. Do all you can for her, Marryat. God knows what fate is in store for her."

"I will protect her with my life, sir," Charlie said earnestly.

Mr. Haines pressed his hand feebly in token of gratitude, and two or three minutes later breathed his last.

By mid-day the loss had been so heavy that the men would no longer stand to their guns. After a consultation with his officers Mr. Holwell agreed that further resistance was hopeless. The flag of truce was therefore hoisted, and one of the officers at once started for the nabob's camp, with instructions to make the best terms he could for the garrison. Charlie at once hurried to the spot where Ada and the only other European lady who had not escaped were anxiously awaiting news. Both were exhausted with weeping.

"Where is papa, Captain Marryat?" Ada asked.

Charlie said that for the present Mr. Haines was unable to come, and had asked him to look after her. It was not until five o'clock that the nabob entered the fort. He was furious at hearing that only five lacs of rupees had been found in the treasury, as he had expected to become possessed of a vastly larger sum. Mr. Holwell was then sent for, and after the nabob had expressed his resentment at the small amount found in the treasury he was dismissed, the nabob assuring him of his protection. The nabob then returned to his camp.

Some native officers went in search of a building where the prisoners could be confined; but every room in the fort had already been taken possession of by the nabob's soldiers and officers. At eight o'clock they returned with the news that they could find no place vacant, and the officer in command at once ordered the prisoners, one hundred and forty-six in number, including the two ladies, into a small room eighteen feet square, used as a guard-room for insubordinate soldiers.

"Tim, my boy," Charlie said to his companion, "we may say good-bye to each other now, for I doubt if one will be alive when the door is opened in the morning."

On entering, Charlie, always keeping Ada Haines by his side, had taken his place against the wall farthest from the window, which was closed with iron bars.

"How are you feeling, Ada?" Charlie asked cheerfully. "It's hot, isn't it?"

"It is dreadful," the girl panted, "and I seem choking from want of air; and oh, Captain Marryat, I am so thirsty!"

"It is hot, my dear, terribly hot, but we must make the best of it; and I hope in a few days you will join your mamma on board ship. That will be pleasant, won't it?"

As time went on the scene in the dungeon became terrible. In vain Mr. Holwell implored them to keep quiet for their own sakes. His voice was lost in the terrible din. Hour passed after hour. There was more room now, for already half the inmates of the place had succumbed.

"Half the night must be gone, Tim," Charlie said, "and I think, with God's help, we shall live through it. Cheer up, Ada dear, 'twill not be very long till morning."

"I think I shall die soon," the girl gasped. "I shall never see papa or mamma again. You have been very kind, Captain Marryat, but it is no use."

"Tim," Charlie said, "you are now much stronger than most of them. They are faint from the struggles. Make a charge to the window. Take that little shawl and dip it

into the bowl or whatever they have there, and then fight your way back with it."

"I will do it, yer honour," said Tim, and he rushed into the struggling group. Weak as he was from exhaustion and thirst, he was as a giant to most of the poor wretches who had been struggling and crying all night; and in spite of their cries and curses he broke through them and forced his way to the window.

The man with the bowl was on the point of turning away, the water being spilt in the vain attempts of those within to obtain it. By the light of the fire which the guard had lit without, Tim saw his face.

"Hossein," he exclaimed, "more water, for God's sake! The master's alive yet."

"Thank God, yer honour, here it is," Tim said; "and who should have brought it but Hossein. Shure, yer honour, we both owe our lives to him this time, for I'm sure I should have been choked by thirst before morning."

Ada was now lowered to the ground, and forcing her teeth asunder a corner of the folded shawl was placed between her lips, and the water allowed to trickle down. With a gasping sigh she presently recovered.

"That is delicious," she murmured. "That is delicious."

Presently the first dawn of daylight appeared, giving fresh hopes to the few survivors. It was not until two hours later that the doors were opened and the guard entered, and it was found that of the hundred and forty-six Englishmen enclosed there the night before, but twenty-three still breathed.

A few days later the English captives were all conveyed to Murshidabad, where the rajah also returned after having extorted large sums from the French and Dutch, and confiscated the whole of the property of the English in Bengal.

"Our only hope," Charlie said one day, "is in Hossein. I am sure he will follow us to the death, and if he did but

know where we are confined he would not, I am certain, rest day or night till he had opened a communication with us. See, Tim, there is my regimental cap, with its gold lace. Let us fasten it outside the bars with a thread from that rug. Of course we must remove it when we hear anyone coming."

This was speedily done, and for the next few days one or other remained constantly at the window.

"Mr. Charles!" Tim exclaimed in great excitement one day; "there is a man I've been watching for the last half-hour. He seems to be picking up sticks, but all the while he keeps getting nearer and nearer, and two or three times it seems to me that he has looked up in this direction."

Charlie joined Tim at the window.

"Yes, Tim, you are right. That's Hossein, I'm pretty sure."

CHAPTER XIX

A DARING ESCAPE

During the rest of the day they saw no more of Hossein.

"I will write," Charlie said—"fortunately I have a pencil—telling him that we can lower a light string down to the moat if he can manage to get underneath with a cord which we can hoist up, and that he must have two disguises in readiness.

"Now the first thing we have to do," continued Charlie, "is to loosen one of these bars. I wish we had thought of doing it before. However, the stonework is pretty rotten and we shall have no difficulty about that. The first thing is to get a tool of some sort."

"Divil a bit of iron do I see in the place, Mister Charles," Tim said. "They don't even give us a knife for dinner."

"There is something, Tim," Charlie said, looking at the door. "Look at those long hinges."

The hinges were of ornamented ironwork, extending half across the door. Upon one of the scrolls of this ironwork they set to work. Chipping a small piece of stone off an angle of the wall outside the window, with great difficulty they thrust this under the end of the scroll as a wedge. Another piece, slightly larger, was then pushed under it. The gain was almost imperceptible, but at last the piece of iron was raised from the woodwork sufficiently to allow them to get a hold of it with their thumbs. Then little by little they bent it upwards until at last they could obtain a firm hold of it. The rest was comparatively easy. They then set to work with the piece of iron, which was of a curved shape, about three inches long, an inch wide, and an eighth of an inch thick. Taking it by turns they ground away the stone round the bottom of one of the bars.

It was late at night before they finished their work. Their hands were sore and bleeding; and they themselves were completely worn out with fatigue.

Charlie told Tim to lie down and rest for three hours while he kept watch. Presently something whizzed by him, and, looking round, to his delight he saw a small arrow with a piece of very thin string attached. The arrow was made of very light wood. Round the iron point was a thick wrapping of cotton, which would entirely deaden its sound as it struck a wall. It was soaked in water, and Charlie had no doubt that the sounds he had heard were caused by its fall into the moat after failures to shoot through the window. Round the centre of the arrow a piece of greased silk was wrapped. Charlie took this off, and found beneath it a piece of paper on which was written in Hindustani: "If you have a bar loosed, pull the string and haul up a rope; if not, throw the arrow down".

Tim and Charlie fastened the rope to one of the bars. Then they took hold of the bar which they had loosened, and putting their feet against the wall pulled their utmost.

The iron was tougher than they had expected, but they

were striving for liberty, and with desperate exertions they bent it inwards, until at last there was room enough for them to creep through.

Charlie then removed his own boots, squeezed himself through the bars and grasping the rope tightly began to descend. The window was fully sixty feet above the moat, and he was very thankful when at last he felt the water touch his feet. Lowering himself quietly into it, he shook the rope to let Tim know that he could begin his descent.

The moat was some twenty yards wide. Charlie swam across towing Tim after him, and taking the greatest pains to avoid making the slightest splash.

In another minute Charlie stood on the bank and grasped the hand of his faithful follower. Hossein threw himself on his knees and pressed his master to him. Then he rose, and at a word from Charlie they hauled Tim to the top. The rope was taken off him, and noiselessly they made their way across the country. Not a word was spoken till they were at a considerable distance from the fort.

"Have you any place in the town to which we could go, Hossein?"

"Yes, Sahib, I hired a little house. I was dressed as a trader. I have been here for two months, but I could not find where you were confined, although I have tried all means, until I saw your cap."

"It was foolish of me not to have thought of it before," Charlie said. "We had better take refuge in your house. Besides, I must discover, if possible, where Miss Haines is kept a prisoner, and rescue her if it can be done."

"The white girl is in the zenana of Rajah Dulab Ram," Hossein replied.

Hossein now set about the disguises. Then, examining them critically, announced that they would pass muster anywhere.

Charlie now lay down for a sleep till morning, while Tim, who had had three hours' repose, settled himself for a com-

fortable chat with Hossein, to whom sleep appeared altogether unnecessary.

In the morning they started for the town. Charlie and Tim made their way to the gate, the latter suffering acutely in his mind from the impropriety of his attire. No questions were asked as they passed the guard. They soon turned off into a quieter quarter, and stopped at a house in a street in which scarcely anyone was stirring. Hossein glanced round as he opened the door, and beckoned to them to enter at once. This they did, and were glad indeed to set down the heavy baskets of plantains.

"My lord's room is upstairs," Hossein said, and led the way to a comfortably furnished apartment.

Hossein soon set to work and prepared an excellent breakfast. Then he left them, saying that he would now devote himself to finding out whether the young white lady was in the town palace of the rajah. He returned in the afternoon.

"She is here, Sahib," he said. "I got into conversation with one of the retainers of the rajah. I am to meet him to-morrow to show him some more silver bracelets."

The next day Hossein discovered that the windows of the zenana were at the back of the palace, looking into the large garden. "I hear, however," he said, "that the ladies of the zenana are next week going to the rajah's other palace."

"I suppose they will have a guard with them, Hossein?"

"Surely, a strong guard," Hossein answered.

The time passed until the day came for the departure of the rajah's zenana. Charlie wrote a note as follows: "My dear Ada, I am free and am on the look-out for an opportunity to rescue you. Contrive to put a little bit of your handkerchief through the lattice-work of the window of your room, as a signal to us to show which room you are in. On the second night after your arrival we will be under it with a ladder. Once with us you will be safe."

This note was wrapped up very small and put into a quill.

As soon as the gates were open Hossein and his companions left the town and proceeded as far as a grove half-way between the town and the rajah's country palace.

After waiting two hours Hossein saw two carts full of women approaching. The drivers halted their cattle in the shade of the trees, and the women, delighted to enjoy their liberty, alighted from the carts and scattered in the grove. Presently one of them, a middle-aged woman, approached the spot where Hossein had seated himself. Hossein drew out a large and beautiful silver bracelet of Delhi workmanship.

"Would you like to buy this?" he asked.

"How should I buy it?" she said; "I am only a servant It is very beautiful;" and she looked at it with longing eyes.

"I have two of them," he said, "and they will both be yours if you will do me a service."

"What is it?" she asked.

"They will be yours if you will give this quill to the little white girl who is in the zenana."

"Give them to me," the woman said, holding out her hand; "I will do it."

Hossein replied: "I will give you one now, the other when I know that the note is delivered."

"I understand," the woman said; "you can trust me."

Hossein handed to her the bracelet and the quill. She hid them in her dress and sauntered away.

CHAPTER XX

THE RESCUE OF THE WHITE CAPTIVE

Presently Hossein was joined by Charlie and Tim, and the three walked quietly along the road until within sight of the rajah's palace, and two hours later they were delighted at seeing a small piece of white stuff thrust through one of the

lattices. Hossein, followed by Charlie, who better enacted the part than Tim, went into a village and purchased four long bamboo poles, saying he wanted them for the carrying of burdens. Charlie placed these on his shoulder and followed Hossein.

When they arrived at the grove Hossein chopped down a young tree, and cutting it into lengths prepared the rungs. They had then a ladder thirty feet long, the height which they judged the window to be above the terrace below. They waited patiently until they saw the lights in the zenana windows extinguished. Then they crept quietly up and placed the ladder under the window at which the signal had been shown, and found that their calculations were correct, and that it reached to a few inches below the sill.

Half an hour later the lattice above opened. They heard a murmur of voices, and then all was quiet again. After a few minutes Charlie climbed noiselessly up the ladder, and just as he reached the top an arm was stretched out above him, and a moment afterwards Ada's face appeared.

"I am here, dear," he said in a whisper; "lean out and I will take you."

The girl stretched out over the window. Charlie took her in his arms and lifted her lightly out, and then slowly descended the ladder.

Before leaving the town Hossein had purchased a cart with two bullocks, and had hired a man, who was recommended to him by one of his co-religionists there as one upon whose fidelity he could rely. This cart was awaiting them at a grove. Paying them the amount stipulated, Hossein took the ox-goad and started the bullocks, Tim walking beside him, while Charlie and Ada took their places in the cart. They were sure that a hot pursuit would be set up.

"How poor Mamma will be grieving for me," Ada exclaimed; "and Papa!—Ah! Captain Marryat, he is dead, is he not?"

"Yes, my dear," Charlie said gently; "he was killed by my side that afternoon. With his last breath he asked me to take care of you. It was better for him, dear, than to have died in that terrible cell. Thank God your mamma is safe, and some day you will join her again. We have news that the English are coming up to attack Calcutta."

After travelling for several hours they stopped. Charlie gave Ada some native clothes and ornaments, and told her to stain her face, arms, and legs, to put on the bangles and bracelets, and then to rejoin them. Half an hour later Ada took her seat in the cart, this time transformed into a Hindoo girl, and the party again proceeded.

At eleven o'clock Hossein pointed to a large grove at some little distance from the road. "Go in there," he said, "and stay till nightfall. Do you then come out and follow me. I shall go into the next village and remain there till after dark. I shall then start, and I will wait for you half a mile beyond the village."

An hour after the wagon had disappeared from sight the party in the grove saw ten or twelve horsemen galloping rapidly along the road. An hour passed and the same party returned at an equal speed. They saw no more of them, and after it became dark they continued their way, passed through the village, which was three miles ahead, and found Hossein waiting a short distance beyond. Ada climbed into the cart and they again went forward.

Their journey continued without any adventure until within a few miles of Calcutta. Hossein then advised them to take up their abode in a ruined mud hut at a distance from the road. He had bought at the last village a supply of provisions sufficient to last them for some days.

"I shall now," he said, "go into the town, sell my grain, bullocks, and cart, and find out where the soldiers are."

Hossein had returned from Calcutta with the news that the party commanded by Major Kilpatrick had been for some

weeks at Falta, and the party at once set off towards that place, which was but forty miles distant. Travelling by night and sleeping by day in the woods, they reached Falta without difficulty, and learning that the force was still on board ship they took possession of a boat moored by the bank some miles higher up and rowed down.

Here were assembled many of the ships which had been at Calcutta at the time it was taken, and to Ada's delight she learned that her mother was on board one of these. They were soon rowed there in a boat from the ship which they had first boarded; and Ada on gaining the deck saw her mother sitting among some other ladies, fugitives like herself. With a scream of joy she rushed forward, and with a cry of "Mamma, mamma!" threw herself into her mother's arms. It was a moment or two before Mrs. Haines could realize that this dark-skinned Hindoo girl was her child, and then her joy equalled that of her daughter. Mrs. Haines' gratitude was extreme, and Charlie was soon surrounded and congratulated by the officers on board, to many of whom, belonging as they did to the Madras army, he was well known. Foremost among them, and loudest in his expressions of delight, was his friend Peters.

"You know, Charlie, I suppose," he said presently, "that you are a major now?"

"No, indeed," Charlie said. "How is that?"

"When the directors at home received the report of Commodore James that the fort of Suvarnadrug had been captured entirely through you, they at once sent out your appointment as major. You are lucky, old fellow. Here are you a major, while I'm a lieutenant still. However, don't think I'm jealous, for I'm not a bit, and you thoroughly deserve all, and more than you've got."

"And this is Tim," Charlie said; "he has shared all my adventures with me."

Peters seized him heartily by the hand. "I am glad to

see you, Tim, very glad. And so you've been with Major Marryat ever since?"

"For the Lord's sake, Mr. Peters," Tim said in an earnest whisper, "git me a pair of trousers. I'm that ashamed of myself in the presence of the ladies that I'm like to drop."

"Come along below, Tim; come along, Charlie. Lots of poor fellows have gone down and uniforms are plentiful. We'll soon rig you out again."

"There is one more introduction, Peters. This is my man Hossein. He calls himself my servant; I call him my friend. He has saved my life twice, and has been of inestimable service. Had it not been for him I should still be in prison at Murshidabad."

Peters said a few hearty words to Hossein and they then went below, returning on deck in half an hour, Charlie in the undress uniform of an officer, Tim in that of a private in the Madras infantry.

A week later Mrs. Haines and Ada sailed for England, the latter weeping bitterly at parting from Charlie, who promised them that when he came home to England on leave he would pay them a visit. He gave them his mother's address; and Mrs. Haines promised to call upon her as soon as she reached England, and give her full news of him, adding that she hoped that his sisters, the youngest of whom was little older than Ada, would be great friends with her.

A few hours after Clive's arrival Mr. Drake had made a formal complaint of the assault which Charlie had committed; but after hearing from Charlie an account of the circumstances Clive sent a contemptuous message to Mr. Drake, to the effect that Charlie had only acted as he should himself have done under the same circumstances; and that at the present time he should not think of depriving himself of the services of one gallant soldier, even if he had maltreated a dozen civilians.

Charlie landed with Clive on the 28th. The force consisted of two hundred and fifty Europeans, and twelve hun-

dred Sepoys, who were forced to drag with them, having no draft animals, two field-pieces and a wagon of ammunition.

Manak Chand, the general commanding the nabob's forces, informed by spies of the movements of the English troops, moved out with fifteen hundred horses and two thousand foot. So worn-out were the British upon their arrival at the dried bed of the lake, that, after detaching a small body to occupy a village near the enemy's fort, from which alone danger was expected, while another took up the post in some jungles by the side of the main road, the rest threw themselves down to sleep. After waiting an hour, to be sure that the last of the English were sound asleep, Manak Chand ordered a tremendous fire to be opened on the hollow and village.

"Major Marryat," Clive said, "if we fall back now, fatigued as the men are and shaken by this surprise, we are lost. Do you take a wing of the Sepoy battalion and clear the right bank. I will advance with the main body directly on the village."

"Come on, my lads," Charlie shouted in Hindustani; "show them how the men of Madras can fight."

The Sepoys replied with a cheer, advanced with a rush against the bank, drove the defenders at once from the point where they charged, and then swept round the tank towards the village, which Clive had already attacked in front. The loss of Charlie's battalion was small, but the main body, exposed to the concentrated fire, suffered more heavily. They would not, however, be denied. Reaching the bank, they poured a volley into the village and charged with the bayonet, just as Charlie's men dashed in at the side. The enemy fled from the village, and taking shelter in the jungles around opened fire. Clive now formed up his troops in line and advanced against the enemy's cavalry, behind which their infantry had massed for shelter. Manak Chand ordered his cavalry to charge; but just as he did so a cannon-ball from one of Clive's field-pieces passed close to his head. The sensation was so unpleasant that he at once changed his

mind. The order for retreat was given, and the beaten army fell back in disorder to Calcutta.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BATTLE OUTSIDE CALCUTTA

Manak Chand was so alarmed at the fighting powers shown by the English in these two affairs, that, leaving only a garrison of five hundred men at Calcutta, he retired with his army to join the nabob at Murshidabad. When the fleet arrived before the town the enemy surrendered the fort at the first shot, and it was again taken possession of by the English. Major Kilpatrick was at once sent up with five ships and a few hundred men to capture the town of Hooghly, twenty miles farther up.

The nabob had gathered an army of ten thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse, and advanced against Calcutta, arriving before the town on the 2nd February, 1757. Clive's force had now, owing to the arrival of some reinforcements from Europe and the enlisting of fresh Sepoys, been raised to seven hundred European infantry, a hundred artillerymen, and fifteen hundred Sepoys, with fourteen light field-pieces.

On the day of their arrival Clive marched out, but the enemy opened a heavy fire, and he retired.

Clive determined to attack the enemy next morning. The force with which he started at three o'clock in the morning of the 3rd consisted of five hundred and sixty sailors, who drew with them six guns; six hundred and fifty European infantry, a hundred European artillery, and eight hundred Sepoys. Half the Sepoys led the advance, the remainder covered the rear.

With the morning a dense fog had set in, rendering it impossible for the troops to see even a few yards in advance of

them. Still they pushed on, and, unopposed, reached a point opposite Omichand's garden, but divided from it by the Maratta Ditch. Presently they heard the thunder of a great body of approaching cavalry. They waited quietly until the unseen horse had approached within a few yards of them, and then poured a mighty volley into the fog. The noise ceased abruptly, and was followed by that of the enemy's cavalry in retreat. The fog was now so dense that it was impossible even to judge of the directions in which the troops were moving.

"Run back, Tim," Charlie said. "Find Colonel Clive, and tell him that we are being mowed down by our own artillery. If you can't find him, hurry back to the guns and tell the officer what he is doing."

Charlie then leaped down into the ditch and endeavoured to rally the Sepoys. A few minutes later Clive himself arrived, and the Sepoys were induced to leave the ditch, and to form again by the side of the causeway, along which the British troops were now marching.

Suddenly, however, from the fog burst out the discharge of two heavy guns which the enemy had mounted on a bastion flanking the ditch. The shouts of the officers and the firing of the men indicated precisely the position of the column. The grape-shot tore through it, and twenty-two of the English troops fell dead and wounded. Immediately afterwards another discharge followed, and the column, broken and confused, bewildered by the dense fog, and dismayed by the fire of these unseen guns, fell back.

Clive now determined to push on to the main road, which he knew crossed the fields half a mile in front of him. The country was, however, here laid out in rice-fields, each enclosed by banks and ditches. Over these banks it was impossible to drag the guns, and the sailors could only get them along by descending into the ditches and using these as roads. The labour was prodigious, and the men, fatigued and harassed

by this battle in darkness, and by the fire from the unseen guns, which the enemy continued to pour in their direction from either flank, began to lose heart. Happily, however, the fog began to lift. The flanks of the columns were covered by bodies of troops thrown out on either side, and after more than an hour's hard work, and abandoning two of the guns which had broken down, Clive reached the main road, again formed his men in column, and advanced towards the city.

The odds were overwhelmingly against him. There were guns, infantry, and cavalry both in front and behind them.

Clive, seeing that his men were fatigued and worn out with six hours of labour and marching under the most difficult circumstances, entered Calcutta, and then, following the stream, marched back to the camp he had left in the morning. His loss amounted to thirty-nine Europeans killed and eighteen Sepoys, eighty-two Europeans wounded and thirty-five Sepoys; the casualties being caused almost entirely by the enemy's cannon.

The expedition, from a military point of view, had been an entire failure; but although a mistake and a failure its consequences were no less decisive.

The nabob, struck with astonishment at the daring and dash of the English in venturing with so small a force to attack him, and to march through the very heart of his camp, was seized with terror. He had lost thirteen hundred men in the fight, among whom were twenty-four rajahs and lesser chiefs, and the next morning he sent in a proposal for peace.

A less determined man than Clive would, no doubt, have accepted the proposal. He wrote to him, saying that he had simply marched his troops through his highness' camp to show him of what British soldiers were capable. He concluded by expressing his willingness to accede to the nabob's proposal and to negotiate.

The nabob granted all that the English asked: that all the property and privileges of the Company should be restored;

that all their goods should pass into the country free of tax; that all the Company's factories; and that all moneys and properties belonging to it or its servants should be restored or made good; and that permission should be given to them to fortify Calcutta as they pleased.

Having agreed to these conditions, the nabob, upon the 11th of February, retired with his army to his capital, leaving Omichand with a commission to propose to the English a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, against all enemies. This proposal was a most acceptable one, and Clive determined to seize the opportunity to crush the French. His previous experiences around Madras had taught him that the French were the most formidable rivals of England in India. He knew that large reinforcements were on their way to Pondicherry, and he feared that the nabob, when he recovered from his panic, might regret the conditions which he had granted, and might ally himself with the French in an effort again to expel the English.

He therefore determined at once to attack the French. Monsieur Renault, the governor of Chandernagore, immediately sent messengers to the nabob, urging upon him that if the English were allowed to annihilate the French they would be more dangerous enemies than ever, and Siraj-ud-daula, having now recovered from his terror, wrote at once to Calcutta, peremptorily forbidding any hostilities against the French.

Clive, unwilling to face a coalition between the French and the nabob, was in favour of acceding to the nabob's orders. The treaty of neutrality with the French was drawn up, and would have been signed had it not been for the obstinate refusal of Admiral Watson to agree to it.

Apparently from a sheer feeling of opposition, Admiral Watson opposed the signing of the treaty with the French, and several days were spent in stormy altercations.

Clive was now ready to advance against Chandernagore.

He wrote a threatening letter to the nabob, ordering him to give his consent. The nabob, still under the influence of his fears from the Afghans, replied in terms which amounted to consent. The expedition prepared to start. It consisted of seven hundred Europeans and fifteen hundred native infantry, who started by land, a hundred and fifty artillery proceeding in boats, escorted by three ships of war and several smaller vessels under Admiral Watson.

Clive, knowing that Charlie could speak the native language fluently, asked him whether he would undertake to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, with which he was entirely unacquainted. Charlie willingly agreed. The whole of the Europeans were labouring at the erection of the batteries and the destruction of the houses surrounding them, and Charlie and his companion, approaching closely to one of these, were pounced upon by the French officer in command of a working party, and set to work with a number of natives in demolishing the houses.

Charlie managed, with Hossein, to evade the attention of the officer, and, drawing off, hurried away to rejoin Clive. Charlie informed Clive of the exact position of the work, and also that, although strong by itself, it was commanded by many adjoining houses, which the French, in spite of their efforts, had not had time to destroy. This news decided Clive to advance immediately without giving the enemy further time to complete their operations.

CHAPTER XXII

PLASSEY

Chandernagore cost the English two hundred and six men. It was hard upon the gallant governor of Chandernagore, but public opinion generally agreed that the urgency of the case

justified the course adopted by the English authorities at Calcutta.

Siraj-ud-daula was filled with fury at the news of the capture of Chandernagore, but hearing a rumour two days later that the Afghans were upon their march to attack him, he wrote letters to Clive and Watson congratulating them upon their success, and offering to them the territory of Chandernagore on the same terms upon which it had been held by the French.

More and more severely did Clive press upon the nabob, until the unfortunate prince, driven to despair, and buoyed up with the hope that he should receive assistance from Bussy, who had just expelled the English from their factory at Vizagapatam, ordered Mir Jaffier to advance with fifteen thousand men to reinforce Rajah Dulab Ram at Plassey. Clive in fact forced on hostilities.

While these negotiations had been going on Charlie Marryat had remained in Calcutta. He had been severely wounded in the attack at Chandernagore, and was carried down to Calcutta in a boat. Thanks to the comforts on board ship, the freshness and coolness of the situation, and the care of all surrounding him, he was, after some weeks' illness, pronounced convalescent, and was sufficiently recovered to join the force with which Clive marched against Plassey.

This force consisted of nine hundred and fifty European infantry, a hundred artillerymen, fifty sailors, and two thousand one hundred Sepoys. The artillery consisted of eight six-pounders and two small howitzers. The army of the nabob was fifty thousand strong, and against such a force it was indeed an adventurous task for an army of three thousand men, of whom only one-third were Europeans, to advance to the attack.

Had Clive been sure of the co-operation of Mir Jaffier and his confederates, who commanded three out of the four divisions of the nabob's army, he need not have hesitated.

But he was till the last moment in ignorance whether to rely upon them. Clive strolled away to a grove and sat down by himself. At last he came to a conclusion. Rising, he returned to the camp, and meeting Major Coote on the way informed him that he would fight the next day.

At daybreak the troops were in movement towards the banks of the Bhagirathi. They had brought boats with them from Chandernagore, and the work of crossing the river continued without intermission until four in the afternoon, when the whole force was landed on the left bank. Here Clive received another letter from Mir Jaffier, informing him that the nabob had halted at Mankarah and intended to entrench himself there.

From the point where Clive had crossed the Bhagirathi it was fifteen miles to Plassey, following as they did the curves of the river. It was necessary to do this as they had no carriage, and the men were obliged to tow their supplies in boats against the stream. Orders were issued that as soon as the troops were across they should prepare to eat their dinners, as the march was to be resumed at once. The rain was coming down in a steady pour as the troops, drenched to the skin, started upon their march. The stream, swollen by the rains, was in full flood, and the work of towing the heavy-laden barges was wearisome in the extreme. All took a share in the toil. In many cases the river had overflowed its banks, and the troops had to struggle through the water, up to their waists, while they tugged and strained at the ropes.

Charlie, as a mounted officer, rode at the head of his Sepoys, who formed the advance of the force. Three hundred men preceded the main body who were towing the boats, to guard them from any sudden surprise.

At one o'clock in the morning the weary troops reached the village of Plassey. They marched through it, and halted and bivouacked in a large mango grove a short distance beyond.

CHAPTER XXIII

PLASSEY (*Cont.*)

At daybreak the English were astir, and the position of the enemy became visible. He occupied strongly entrenched works which the Rajah Dulab Ram had thrown up during his stay. The right of these works rested on the river, and extended inland at a right angle to it for about two hundred yards, and then swept round to the north at an obtuse angle for nearly three miles. At the angle was a redoubt mounted with cannon. In advance of this was a mound covered with jungle. Half-way between the entrenchments and the mango grove were two large tanks near the river, surrounded by high mounds of earth. These tanks were about half a mile from the English position. On the river bank, a little in advance of the grove, was a hunting-box belonging to the nabob, surrounded by a masonry wall. Clive took possession of this immediately he heard the sound of the nabob's music on his arrival.

Soon after daylight the nabob's troops moved out from their entrenchments, and it was evident that he was aware of the position of the English. Extending in the arc of a circle towards the village of Plassey were the troops of the three traitor generals, Rajah Dulab Ram, Yar Lutf Khan, and Mir Jaffier. Thus the English position was almost surrounded, and in advancing against the camp they would have to expose themselves to an attack in rear by the troops of the conspirators. These generals had between them nearly thirty-eight thousand troops.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of June, a memorable day in the annals of India, the preparations on both sides were complete, and St. Frais opened the battle by the discharge of one of his guns at the English. At the signal the whole of the artillery round the long curve opened

their fire. At the end of half an hour, however, Clive had lost thirty of his men, and determined to fall back to the mango grove.

The enemy, on the retreat of the British within the grove, advanced with loud shouts of triumph, and bringing their guns closer, again opened fire. The British had by this time pierced the holes for their field-pieces, and these opened so vigorously that several of the enemy's cannon were disabled, numbers of their gunners killed, and some ammunition wagons blown up. On the other hand the English, now in perfect shelter, did not suffer at all, although the tops of the trees were cut off in all directions by the storm of cannon-balls which swept through them.

A quarter of an hour later a tremendous tropical shower commenced, and for an hour the rain came down in torrents. Gradually the enemy's fire slackened. The English had tarpaulins to cover their ammunition, which, therefore, suffered no injury. The natives had no such coverings, and their powder was soon completely wetted by the deluge of rain. Mir Mudin Khan, knowing that his own guns had been rendered useless, believed that those of the English were in a similar condition, and leading out his cavalry made a splendid charge down upon the grove.

The English were in readiness. As the cavalry swept up, a flash of fire ran from a thousand muskets from the top of the embankments, while each of the field-guns sent its load of grape-shot through the embrasures into the throng of horsemen. The effect was decisive. The cavalry recoiled before the terrible fire, and rode back with their brave leader mortally wounded.

This blow was fatal to the fortunes of Siraj-ud-daula. When the news of the death of his brave and faithful general reached him he was struck with terror.

As long as Mir Mudin Khan lived it was possible, even probable that the English would be defeated.

Siraj-ud-daula at once issued orders for the troops to retire within their entrenchments, and then, mounting a swift camel, and accompanied by two thousand horsemen, he left the field and rode off to Murshidabad.

Major Kilpatrick, seeing the retirement of the enemy, and that the French artillerymen remained unsupported on the mound, at once advanced with two hundred and fifty Europeans and two guns against it, sending word to Clive what he was doing. Clive, angry that any officer should have taken so important a step without consulting him, at once ran after the detachment and severely reprimanded Major Kilpatrick for moving from the grove without orders. Immediately, however, that he comprehended the whole position he recognized the wisdom of the course Kilpatrick had taken, and sent him back to the grove to order the whole force to advance.

St. Frais, seeing that he was entirely unsupported, fired a last shot, and then limbering up fell back in perfect order to the redoubt at the corner of the entrenchment, where he again posted his field-pieces in readiness for action.

In the meantime Clive had arrived upon the mound which St. Frais had left, and planting his guns there opened fire upon the enemy within their entrenchments.

The Indian soldiers and inferior officers poured out again from the entrenchments and attacked the British.

The battle now raged in earnest.

The enemy fought bravely. St. Frais worked his guns unflinchingly at the redoubt, the infantry poured in volley after volley, the cavalry made desperate charges right up to the British lines. But they had no leader, and were fighting against men well commanded and confident in themselves. Clive determined to carry the hill in advance of St. Frais's battery, and the redoubt occupied by the French leader. Strong columns were sent against each position. The hill was carried without opposition, and then so heavy and

searching a fire was poured into the entrenched camp that the enemy began to fall back in utter confusion.

At five o'clock the battle was over, and the camp of the Nabob of Bengal in the possession of the English. The British loss was trifling. Seven European and sixteen native soldiers were killed, thirteen Europeans and thirty-six natives wounded.

After the battle Mir Jaffier arrived. It suited Clive to ignore the doubtful part he had played, and he was saluted as Nabob of Bengal. It would have been far better for him had he remained one of the great chiefs of Bengal. The enormous debt with which Clive and his colleagues had saddled him crushed him. The sum was so vast that it was only by imposing the most onerous taxation upon his people that he was enabled to pay it, and the discontent excited proved his destruction.

Omichand had no greater reason for satisfaction at the part which he had played in the ruin of his country. The fact that he had been deceived by the forged treaty was abruptly and brutally communicated to him, and the blow broke his heart. He shortly afterwards became insane and died before eighteen months were over.

Siraj-ud-daula fled to Murshidabad, where the remnants of his army followed him. At first the nabob endeavoured to secure their fidelity by issuing a considerable amount of pay. Then, overpowered by his fears of treachery, he sent off the ladies of the zenana and all his treasures on elephants, and a few hours afterwards he himself, accompanied by his favourite wife and a slave with a casket of his most valuable jewels, fled in disguise. A boat had been prepared and lay in readiness at the wharf of the palace. Rowing day and night against the stream the boat reached Rajmahal, ninety miles distant, on the night of the fourth day following his flight. Here the rowers were so knocked up by their exertions that it was impossible to proceed farther, and they took refuge in a deserted hut by the bank.

The following morning, however, they were seen by a fakir whose ears the young tyrant had had cut off thirteen months previously, and this man, recognizing the nabob even in his disguise, at once took the news to Mir Jaffier's brother, who happened to reside in the town. The latter immediately sent a party of his retainers, who captured the nabob without difficulty. He was again placed in the boat and taken back to Murshidabad, where he was led into the presence of Mir Jaffier. The wretched young man implored the mercy of his triumphant successor, the man who owed station and rank and wealth to his grandfather, and who had nevertheless betrayed him to the English.

His entreaties so far moved Mir Jaffier that he was irresolute for a time as to the course he should pursue. His son, however, Miran, a youth of about the same age as the deposed nabob, insisted that it was folly to show mercy, as Mir Jaffier would never be safe so long as Siraj-ud-daula remained alive, and his father at last assigned the captive to his keeping, knowing well what the result would be. In the night Siraj-ud-daula was murdered. His mangled remains were in the morning placed on an elephant and exposed to the gaze of the populace and soldiery.

Siraj-ud-daula was undoubtedly a profligate and rapacious tyrant. In the course of a few months he alienated his people and offended a great number of his most powerful chiefs. The war which he undertook against the English, although at the moment unprovoked, must still be regarded as a patriotic one; and had he not soiled his victory by the massacre of the prisoners, which he first permitted and then approved, the English would have had no just cause of complaint against him. From the day of the arrival of Clive at Calcutta he was doomed.

CHAPTER XXIV

MOUNTED INFANTRY

A few days after Plassey Colonel Clive sent for Charlie.

"Marryat," he said, "I must send you back with two hundred men to Madras. The governor there has been writing to me by every ship which has come up the coast, begging me to move down with the bulk of the force as soon as affairs are a little settled here. That is out of the question. There are innumerable matters to be arranged. Mir Jaffier must be sustained. The French under Law must be driven entirely out of Bengal. The Dutch must be dealt with. Altogether I have need of every moment of my time, and of every man under my orders, for at least two years. However, I shall at once raise a Bengal native army, and so release the Sepoys of Madras. If there be any special and sore need I must, of course, denude myself here of troops to succour Madras; but I hope it will not come to that. In the meantime I propose that you shall take back two hundred of the Madras Europeans. Lawrence will be glad to have you, and your chances of fighting are greater there than they will be here. Bengal is overawed, and so long as I maintain the force I now have, it is unlikely in the extreme to rise; whereas battles and sieges, great and small, are the normal condition of Madras."

The next day Charlie, with two hundred European troops, marched down towards Calcutta. Clive had told him to select any officer he pleased to accompany him as second in command, and he chose Peters, who, seeing that there were likely to be far more exciting times in Madras than in Bengal at present, was very glad to accompany him. Three days after reaching Calcutta Charlie and his party embarked on board a ship, which conveyed them without adventure to Madras. The authorities were glad indeed of the reinforcement, for the country was disturbed from end to end.

The evening after landing, Charlie Marryat had a long chat with Colonel Lawrence, who, after explaining to him exactly the condition of affairs in the country, asked him to tell him frankly what command he would like to receive.

"I have thought for some time," Charlie said, "that the establishment of a small force of really efficient cavalry, trained to act as infantry also, would be invaluable. A force like this would do more to keep order in the Carnatic than one of ten times its strength composed of infantry alone. Peters I should like as my second in command; and, if you approve of the plan, I should be very much obliged if you would get him his step as captain. He's a good officer, but has not had such luck as I have."

Colonel Lawrence was very much pleased at the idea, and gave Charlie full authority to carry it out. The work of enlistment at once commenced. Hossein made an excellent recruiting sergeant. He went into the native bazaars, and by telling of the exploits of Charlie at Ambur and Suvarnadrug, and holding out bright prospects of the plunder which such a force would be likely to obtain, he succeeded in recruiting a hundred and fifty of his co-religionists. In those days fighting was a trade in India, and, in addition to the restless spirits of the local communities, great numbers of the hardy natives of northern India, Afghans, Pathans, and others, were scattered over India, ever ready to enlist in the service of the highest bidder. Among such men as these Hossein had no difficulty in obtaining a hundred and fifty picked horsemen.

Charlie had determined that his force should consist of four troops, each of fifty strong. Of these one would be composed of Europeans, and he was permitted to take this number from the party he had brought down.

Two months were spent in severe work, and at the end of that time the little regiment were able to execute all simple cavalry manœuvres with steadiness and regularity. The natives were all men who had lived on horseback from their

youth, and therefore required no teaching to ride. They were also, at the end of that time, able to act as infantry with as much regularity as the ordinary Sepoys. When so engaged, four horses were held by one man, so that a hundred and fifty men were available for fighting on foot. The work had been unusually severe, but as the officers did not spare themselves, and Charlie had promised a present to each man of the troop when fit for service, they had worked with alacrity, and had taken great interest in learning their new duties. At the end of two months they were inspected by Colonel Lawrence and Governor Pigot, and both expressed their highest gratification and surprise at their efficiency, and anticipated great benefits would arise from the organization.

So urgent, indeed, was the necessity that something should be done for the restoration of order, that Charlie had with difficulty obtained the two months necessary to attain the degree of perfection which he deemed necessary. The day after the inspection the troop marched out from Madras. Ensign Anstey commanded the white troop, the other three were led by native officers. Captain Peters commanded the squadron composed of the white troop and one of the others. A Lieutenant Hallowes, whom Peters knew to be a hard-working and energetic officer, was, at Charlie's request, appointed to the command of the other squadron. He himself commanded the whole.

They had been ordered in the first place to move to Arcot, which was held by a garrison of Muhammad Ali. The whole of the country around was greatly disturbed. French intrigues and the sight of the diminished power of the English had caused most of the minor chiefs in that neighbourhood to throw off their allegiance. A body of Maratta horse were ravaging the country districts, and it was against these that Charlie determined in the first place to act. He had been permitted to have his own way in the clothing and arming of his force. Each man carried a musket, which had been

shortened some six inches, and hung in slings from the saddle, the muzzle resting in a piece of leather technically termed a bucket. The ammunition pouch was slung on the other side of the saddle, and could be fastened in an instant by two straps to the belts which the troopers wore round their waists. The men were dressed in brown, thick cotton cloth, called karkee. Round their black forage caps was wound a long length of blue-and-white cotton cloth, forming a turban, with the ends hanging down to protect the back of the neck and spine from the sun.

Having obtained news that the Maratta horse, two thousand strong, were pillaging at a distance of six miles from the town, Charlie set off the day following his arrival to meet them. The Marattas had notice of his coming ; but hearing that the force consisted only of two hundred horse, they regarded it with contempt. When Charlie first came upon them they were in the open country, and seeing that they were prepared to attack him, he drew up his little force in two lines. The second line he ordered to dismount to act as infantry. The two guns were loaded with grape, and the men of the first line were drawn up at sufficient intervals to allow an infantryman to pass between each horse.

With shouts of anticipated triumph the Maratta horse swept down. The front line of English horsemen had screened the movements of those behind, and when the enemy were within fifty yards, Charlie gave the word. The troopers already sat musket in hand, and between each horse an infantry soldier now stepped forward, while towards each end the line opened and the two field-pieces were advanced. The Maratta horsemen were astonished at this sudden manœuvre, but, pressed by the mass from behind, they still continued their charge. When but fifteen yards from the English line, a stream of fire ran along this from end to end, every musket was emptied into the advancing force, while the guns on either flank swept them with grape. The effect was tremendous. Scarcely a

man of the front line survived the fire, and the whole mass halted and recoiled in confusion. Before they could recover themselves another volley of shot and grape was fired into them. Then Charlie's infantry ran back, and the cavalry, closing up, dashed upon the foe, followed half a minute afterwards by the lately dismounted men of the other two troops, ten white soldiers alone remaining to work and guard the guns. The rout was complete, and in a very short time the last Maratta had fled, leaving behind three hundred dead upon the plain. Greatly gratified with their success, and feeling confident now in their own powers, the British force returned to Arcot.

Charlie now determined to attack the fort of Vellore, which was regarded as impregnable. The town lay at the foot of some very steep and rugged hills, which were surmounted by three detached forts. The rajah, encouraged by the French, had renounced his allegiance to Muhammad Ali, and had declared himself independent.

The rajah's army consisted of some fifteen hundred infantry and as many cavalry. These advanced to meet the English force. Charlie feigned a retreat as they came on, and retired to a village some thirty miles distant. The cavalry pursued at full speed, leaving the infantry behind. Upon reaching the village Charlie at once dismounted all his men, lined the enclosures, and received the enemy's cavalry, as they galloped up, with so heavy a fire that they speedily drew rein. After trying for some time to force the position they began to fall back, and the English force again mounted, dashed upon them and completed their defeat. The broken horsemen, as they rode across the plain, met their infantry advancing, and these, disheartened at the defeat of the cavalry, fell back in great haste, and, abandoning the town which was without fortification, retired at once to the forts commanding it. Charlie took possession of the town, and spent the next two days in reconnoitring the forts.

He left twenty men to guard his guns, and placed a guard of ten upon the road leading to the fort, to prevent the inhabitants from sending up news of his intentions to the garrison. He was well provided with ropes and ladders. The most perfect silence had been enjoined upon the men, and in the darkness the march had been unseen by the enemy. While waiting for the moon to rise the troopers all wound pieces of cloth, with which they had come provided, round their boots to prevent these from making a noise by slipping or stumbling on the rocks. When the moon rose the ascent of the rocks began. One by one the men climbed from ledge to ledge, some of the most active hill men from northern India leading the way, and aiding their comrades to follow them by lowering ropes, and placing ladders at the most inaccessible spots. All this time they were completely hidden from the observation of the garrison above.

At last the leaders of the party stood at the foot of the walls, which rose a few feet from the edge of the cliff. They could hear the voices of the sentries thirty feet above them, but these, having no idea of the vicinity of an enemy, did not look over the edge of the wall. When the English force were assembled, the ladders, which, like everything else, had been muffled, were placed against the walls, and, headed by their officers, the troops ascended. The surprise was complete.

The resistance, however, was slight. Taken absolutely by surprise the enemy rushed out from their sleeping-places. They were immediately fired upon from the walls. The greater part ran back into shelter, while some of the more determined, gathering together, made for the gate. But of this Charlie had already taken possession, and he received them with so vigorous a fire that they speedily fell back. When the whole circuit of the walls was in his possession, Charlie took a hundred of his men and descended into the fort. Each building as he reached it was searched, and the garrison it contained made to come out and lay down its arms, and

was then allowed to depart through the gate. Upon reaching the rajah's quarters he at once came out and surrendered himself.

Fifteen lacs of rupees were found in the treasury. Of these, in accordance with the rules of the service, half was set aside for the Company, the remainder became the property of the force. Of this half fell to the officers, in proportion to their rank, and the rest was divided among the men. The share of each trooper amounted to nearly two hundred pounds. Knowing how demoralizing the possession of such a sum would be, Charlie assembled his force next morning. He pointed out to them that as the greater part of the plunder was in silver, it would be impossible for them to carry it on their persons. He advised them, then, to allow the whole sum to remain in the treasury, to be forwarded under an escort to Madras, each to receive an order for the amount of his share upon the treasury there. This was agreed to unanimously, and Charlie then turned his attention to the other forts.

The guns of Guzarow were turned against these, and a bombardment commenced. Suzarow, which extended partly down the slope, was much exposed to the fire from Guzarow, and, although no damage could be done to the walls at so great a distance, the garrison, suffering from the fire, and intimidated by the fall of Guzarow, lost heart. Large numbers deserted, and the governor, in the course of two days, thought it prudent to obey the orders which the rajah had, upon being made captive, sent to him to surrender. The next day the governor of Mortz Azur followed his example, and Vellore and its three strong forts were thus in the possession of the English.

At Vellore Charlie nearly lost one of his faithful followers. Early in the morning Hossein came into Charlie's room.

"Sahib," he said, "something is the matter with Tim."

"What is the matter?" Charlie said, sitting up in his bed.

"I do not know, Sahib. When I went to him he did not move. He was wide awake and his eyes are staring. When

I went beside him he shook his head a little and said, 'S-s-s-h' He seems quite rigid, and is as pale as death."

Charlie leaped out and hurried to Tim. The latter was lying on the ground in the next room. He had carried off three or four cushions from the rajah's divan and had thrown these down, and had spread a rug over him. He lay on his back exactly as Hossein had described. As Charlie hurried up Tim again gave vent to the warning "S-s-s-h".

"What is the matter, Tim? What is the matter, my poor fellow?"

Tim made a slight motion with his head for his master to bend towards him. Charlie leant over him, and he whispered:

"There is a sarpent in bed with me."

"Are you quite sure, Tim?"

"He woke me with his cold touch," Tim whispered. "I felt him crawling against my foot, and now he is laying against my leg."

Charlie drew back for a minute and consulted with Hossein. "Lie quite still, Tim," he said, "and don't be afraid. We will try to kill him without his touching you; but even if he should bite you, with help ready at hand there will be no danger."

Charlie now procured two knives, the one a sharp surgical knife, from a case which he had brought, the other he placed in a charcoal fire, which one of the men speedily fanned until the blade had attained a white heat. Charlie had decided that if the snake bit Tim he would instantly make a deep cut through the line of the puncture of the fangs, cutting down as low as these could penetrate, and immediately cauterize it by placing the hot knife in the gash so made. Six men were called in with orders to seize Tim on the instant and hold his leg firm, to enable the operation to be performed. Two others were to occupy themselves with the snake. These were armed with sticks. Hossein now approached the bed, from which hitherto they had all kept well aloof. The snake, Tim said, lay against

his leg, between the knee and the ankle, and the spot was marked by a slight elevation of the rug. Hossein drew his tulwar, examined the edge to see that nothing had blunted its razor-like keenness, and then took his stand at the foot of the bed. Twice he raised his weapon, and then let it fall with a drawing motion. The keen blade cut through the rug as if it had been pasteboard, and at the same instant Tim sprang from the other side of the bed, and fainted in the arms of the men. Hossein threw off the rug, and there, severed in pieces, lay the writhing body of a huge cobra. Tim soon became better as a result of the water sprinkled in his face, and brandy poured down his throat. But he was some time ere he thoroughly recovered from the effects of the trying ordeal through which he had passed. Many of the buildings in the fort were in a very bad condition, and Charlie had several of the most dilapidated destroyed, finding in their walls several colonies of cobras, which were all killed by the troops.

CHAPTER XXV

BESIEGED IN A PAGODA

A few days later Charlie received a message from the Rajah of Permacoil, saying that he was besieged by a strong native force aided by the French. He at once moved his force to his assistance. He found that the besiegers, among whom were two hundred French troops, were too strong to be attacked. He therefore established himself in their rear, attacked and captured convoys, and prevented the country people from bringing in provisions. Several times the besieging infantry advanced against him, but before these he at once fell back, only to return as soon as they retired to their camp. Whenever their horse ventured out against him, he beat them back with considerable loss.

Ten days after his arrival, the enemy, finding it impossible to maintain themselves in the face of so active an enemy, and suffering greatly from want of provisions, raised the siege and fell back. As soon as they had drawn off Charlie entered the fort. The rajah received him with the greatest warmth. He was, however, much distressed at the capture of a hill fort at some distance from Permacoil. In this he had stowed his wives and treasure, thinking that it would be unmolested. The French, however, had, just before Charlie's arrival, detached a strong force with some guns, and these had captured the place. The force which had accomplished this had, he now heard, marched to Trinavody, a fort and town thirty miles away, upon the road by which the force which had besieged the town was retiring.

The town was a small one, and the fort one of the ordinary native forts. Capturing a native, Charlie learnt that the fort was tenanted only by the troops of the native rajah of the place, the French detachment being encamped in the pagoda. He at once rode forward with his troops, dashed through the native town, and in through the wide gateway of the tower into the court-yard within. Beyond two or three straggling shots from the sentries he had so far encountered no opposition, and the native troops in the court-yard, thrown into wild confusion by this sudden appearance of a hostile force, threw down their arms and cried for mercy.

The Rajah of Permacoil's treasure and his women fell into the hands of the captors. Charlie ordered the chests to be brought down and placed in bullock wagons. Just as he was about to order his men, who were scattered through the temple looting, to form up, he heard a shout from the tower, and looking up saw one of his men there gesticulating wildly. He ran up the tower, and on reaching the first terrace saw to his surprise the whole of the force which he believed to be fifteen miles distant already entering the town.

Charlie saw that already his retreat was cut off, and run-

ning to the edge of the terrace shouted to Peters to hurry out with all the men already in the court-yard, to occupy the houses outside the gate, and to keep back the advancing enemy. Summoning another party to the tower, four guns upon the terrace were at once loaded, and these opened upon the head of the enemy's column as they entered the street leading to the temple.

Having seen that the preparations to repulse an immediate attack were complete, Charlie again ran down to the court-yard. The weak point of the defences was the gateway. This was fifty feet wide and unprovided with gates, and Charlie at once set a strong party to work to form a barricade across it. For some hours the party outside the gates maintained their position,, but they were gradually driven back, and towards evening, by Charlie's orders, they retired within the temple.

The barricade was now eight feet high, the face was formed of large slabs of stone piled one upon another backed by a considerable thickness of earthwork. This, however, although capable of resisting a sudden rush of infantry, would, Charlie knew, be incapable of resisting artillery. During the night he divided his men into two parties, which alternately slept and worked at the inner defences which he had designed. These consisted of two walls running from each side of the gateway to the temple. They were placed a few feet farther back than the edge of the gateway, so that an enemy advancing to the storm would not see them until within the gate. These walls he intended to be eight feet high, and to be backed with earth four feet high, so as to form a bank on which the defenders could stand and fire into the space between them. To obtain materials he pulled down several buildings forming a part of the temple. The distance from the gateway to the temple was fifty yards, and although the men worked without ceasing the the wall had made but little progress when daylight dawned. During the night Charlie lowered one of his men from the wall

farthest from the enemy, with instructions to make his way as fast as possible to Madras to ask for succour.

In the morning Charlie found that the enemy had on their side been also busy. A house which faced the end of the street leading to the temple had been pulled down and a battery of four guns erected there. As soon as it was light the combat began. The enemy had sixteen pieces of artillery besides those on the fort, and while the four guns in front played unceasingly upon the barricade across the gateway, the others cannonaded the tower, whence the English guns kept up a fire on the battery in front. So well were these directed, and so heavy was the musketry, that the enemy's guns were several times silenced and the artillerymen driven from them.

Behind the barricade a working party threw up fresh earth, to strengthen the part most shaken by the enemy's fire, and then set to work to form a similar barricade in a line with the back of the gateway. This was completed by nightfall, by which time the enemy's guns had completely shattered the stone facing of the outer barricade, rendering it possible for it to be carried with a rush. As from the windows of the houses they could see the new work behind it, they would, Charlie judged, not attempt an assault until this also was destroyed. During the night large quantities of fresh earth were piled on the outer barricade, which was now useful as forming a screen to that behind it from the guns. All night the work at the parallel walls continued, and by morning these had reached a height of three feet.

During the next two days the fight continued without much advantage on either side. Each day the enemy's guns shattered the outer barricade, but this was as regularly repaired at night in spite of the heavy artillery and matchlock fire which they kept up towards the spot. On the fourth day the enemy pulled down a house standing just in the rear of their battery.

In spite of the efforts of the besieged the enemy kept up

so heavy a fire that by the afternoon the inner as well as the outer barricade was knocked to pieces.

At three in the afternoon, after a furious cannonade, the fire of the enemy's battery suddenly ceased. Believing that the temple now lay at their mercy, the enemy did not hesitate but rushed at the gateway. Not a shot was fired as they entered. Scrambling over the remains of the two barricades the enemy poured with exulting shouts into the court-yard. Then those in front hesitated. On either hand, as far as the doorway of the temple, extended a massive wall eight feet high, roughly built certainly, but far too strong to be battered down, too steep to be scaled. They would have retreated, but they were driven forward by the mass which poured in through the gateway behind them; and seeing that their only safety was in victory they pressed forward again.

Not a defender showed himself until the head of the column had reached a point two-thirds of the distance across the court-yard. Then suddenly on either side the wall was lined by the British, who at once opened a tremendous fire on the mass below. At the same moment the guns were run into the doorway and poured their contents into the struggling mass. Pent up between the walls, unable to return the fire poured down upon them, with lanes torn through them by the discharge of the cannon, the greater portion of the mass strove to turn and retire. The officer in command, a gallant Frenchman, called upon the survivors of the fifty French infantry who had led the attack to follow him, and rushed forward upon the guns. Here, however, Charlie had posted his Europeans, and these, swarming out from the temple, poured a volley into the advancing French and then charged them with the bayonet.

For a week the siege continued, and then Charlie determined to evacuate the place. The rajah's treasure was made up into small sacks which were fastened to the horses' croups. Had it not been for these animals he would have defended the

place to the last, confident in his power to devise fresh means to repel fresh assaults. The store of forage, however, collected by the enemy for their own use in the temple was now exhausted.

At their first rush Peters and Hallowes had carried the battery, cutting down the gunners. Immediately behind, however, the enemy had posted a support several hundred strong, and these speedily advanced to recover the battery. Leaving their horses in charge of a small party, Charlie dismounted his men and joined Peters, and his fire quickly checked the assault. In the meantime the rest of the defenders of the temple rode down the street and, leaving a few men with the horses of Peters' and Hallowes' detachments, out into the open country. After driving back his assailants Charlie led his party back to their horses, mounted them, and speedily rejoined the main body. An hour later they were well on their way towards Permacoil, which they reached next day.

The rajah was delighted at recovering his family. The treasure was divided, and the portion belonging to the troops was, with the Company's share, sent down under a strong escort to Madras.

For a considerable time Charlie's forces were occupied with small undertakings. Lally had now arrived from France and had taken the command. He had at his orders a European force considerably exceeding any that had hitherto been gathered in India, and he boasted that he was going to capture Madras and drive the English out of India. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for the French than the choice of such a man, and his appointment was destined to give the last blow to French influence in India, as the supersession of Dupleix had given the first. M. Lally had one virtue, he was personally brave; but he was arrogant, passionate, and jealous. He had no capacity whatever for either awing or conciliating those with whom he came in contact. He treated the natives with open contempt, and was soon as much hated by them as

by his own soldiers. His first step had been to order Bussy down from Hyderabad with the whole of his force.

Bussy, a man of great genius, of extreme tact, of perfect knowledge of the Indian character, had for eight years maintained French influence supreme at that court, and had acquired for France the Northern Circars, a splendid and most valuable province on the sea-coast north of Madras. Salabat Jang, the ruler of Hyderabad, the protégé of the French, heard with dismay the order which Bussy had received. To Bussy himself the blow was a heavy one, and he saw that his departure would entail the ruin of the edifice of French influence which he had built up by so many years of thought and toil. However, he obeyed at once, and marched with two hundred and fifty Europeans and five hundred native troops into the Circars. He made over the charge of this territory to the Marquis de Conflans, whom, although but just arrived from Europe and entirely new to Indian affairs, Count de Lally had sent to replace M. Moracin, who had for years ably managed the province. He then marched with his troops to join the main army under Count de Lally. This force having taken Fort St. David had operated against Tanjore, where it had suffered a repulse. The news of this reached the Northern Circars soon after the departure of Bussy, and Anandraz, the most powerful chief of the country, rose in rebellion, and sent a messenger to Calcutta begging the assistance of the English to drive out the French.

While the rest of the Bengal council, seeing that Bengal was at the time threatened with invasion from the north and menaced with troubles within, considered that it would be an act little short of madness to send troops at a time when they could be so little spared to assist a chief, who, even from his own accounts, was only able to raise three thousand irregular followers, Clive thought otherwise. He saw the great value of the Northern Circars, whose possession would complete the line of British territory along the sea-coast from Calcutta

down to Madras. He saw, too, that a movement here would effect a diversion in favour of Madras. The situation there appeared very serious, and he could spare no troops which would suffice to turn the scale. But even should Madras be lost the gain of the Northern Circars would almost compensate for the disaster. Having gained the council to his views he sent Lieutenant-Colonel Forde, who commanded the Company's troops in Bengal, with five hundred Europeans, two thousand natives, and six six-pounders by sea to Vizagapatam, a port which Anandraz had seized. These landed on the 20th of October, 1758.

Had Conflans been an efficient officer he could have crushed Anandraz long before the arrival of the English. He had under his orders a force composed of five hundred European troops, men trained by Bussy and accustomed to victory, four thousand native troops, and a brigade of artillery. Instead of marching at once to crush the rebellion, he sent messenger after messenger to Lally begging for assistance. It was only when he heard from Lally that he had directed Moracin with three hundred European troops to support him that he moved against Anandraz. His opportunity had, however, slipped from his hands. He had thrown away six weeks, and when upon the march the news reached him of the landing of the English, he took up the very strong position within sight of the fort Peddapur and entrenched himself there.

Clive had sent to Madras the news that he was despatching Colonel Forde to the Circars, and begged that any body of troops who might be available might be forwarded. Charlie's corps had already been recalled towards Madras to keep the bodies of French who were converging in that direction at a distance as long as possible, so as to allow the victualling of Madras to go on uninterrupted. Mr. Pigot now instructed Charlie to hand over the command of that force to Peters, and with fifty men to make his way north and to effect a junction with Forde, who was entirely deficient in cavalry. Avoiding

the French force, Charlie reached Vizagapatam upon the 2nd of December, and found that Forde had marched on the previous day. He started at once, and on the evening of the 3rd came up to Forde, who had arrived in sight of the French position.

Charlie had already made the acquaintance of Colonel Forde in Bengal, and Forde was glad to obtain the assistance and advice of an officer who had seen so much service. An hour after arriving Charlie rode out with his commander and reconnoitred the French position, which was, they concluded, too strong to be attacked. In point of numbers the forces were about even. Conflans had, in addition to his five hundred Europeans, six thousand native infantry, five hundred native cavalry, and thirty guns. Forde had four hundred and seventy Europeans, one thousand nine hundred Sepoys, and six guns. Anandraz had forty Europeans, five thousand infantry, five hundred horsemen, and four guns. These five thousand men were, however, a mere ragged mob, of whom very few had fire-arms, and the rest were armed with bows and arrows. His horsemen were equally worthless, and Forde could only rely upon the troops he had brought with him from Calcutta and the troop of fifty natives under Charlie Marryat.

Finding that the French position was too strong to be attacked, Forde fell back to a strong position at Chambol, a village nearly four miles from the French camp. Here for four days the two armies remained watching each other, the leaders of both sides considering that the position of the other was too strong to be attacked.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SIEGE OF MADRAS

At last, weary of inactivity, the Marquis de Conflans and Colonel Forde arrived simultaneously, on the 8th of December, at a determination to bring matters to a crisis. Conflans had heard from a deserter that Forde had omitted to occupy a mound which, at a short distance from his camp, commanded the position. He determined to seize this during the night. Forde, on his part, had determined to march at four o'clock in the morning to a village named Condore. Forde marched at a quarter past four, as arranged with Anandraz; but the rajah and his people, with the usual native aversion to punctuality, remained quietly asleep, and a few minutes after daybreak they were roughly awakened by a deadly fire poured by six guns into the camp. The rajah sent messenger after messenger to Forde urging him to return, and he himself with his frightened army hurried towards Condore. Forde had, indeed, retraced his steps immediately he heard the fire of the guns, and soon met the rajah's rabble in full flight, and uniting with them marched back to Condore.

The French advanced with great rapidity and attacked the Sepoys in front and flank so vigorously that they broke in disorder. The rajah's troops fled instantly, and in spite of the exhortations of Forde the Sepoys presently followed their example, and fled with the rajah's troops to Chambol pursued by the enemy's horse. They would have suffered even more severely than they did in this pursuit had not Charlie Marryat launched his little squadron at the enemy's horse. Keeping his men well together he made repeated charges, several times riding through and through them, until at last they desisted from the pursuit, and forming in a compact body fell back towards the field of battle.

Conflans' easy success over the Sepoys was fatal to him.

Believing that he had defeated the English, he gave orders to several companies of the French troops to press on in pursuit without delay. They started off in hot speed, proceeding without much order or regularity, when they were suddenly confronted by the whole line of English troops in solid order advancing from the high corn to take the place lately occupied by the Sepoys. In vain the scattered and surprised companies of the French endeavoured to re-form and make head against them. So heavy was the fire of musketry opened by the British line, immediately they had taken up their position, that the French broke their ranks and ran back as fast as they could to regain their guns, which were fully half a mile in the rear.

In the meantime the French Sepoys on their left had been gradually driving back the English right; but Forde, disregarding this, pressed forward in hot pursuit of the French with his English, behind whom the greater portion of the beaten Sepoys had already rallied. Keeping his men well together he advanced at the fullest speed, following so closely upon the enemy that the latter had only time to fire one or two rounds with their thirteen guns before the English were upon them. The French, who had already lost heart by the serious check which had befallen them, were unable to stand the shock, and at once retreated, leaving their guns behind them.

As Forde had anticipated, the French Sepoys, seeing their centre and right defeated, desisted from their attack on the English right and fell back upon their camp. The English Sepoys at once marched forward and joined Forde's force. The rajah's troops, however, the whole of whom had fled, remained cowering in the shelter of a large dry tank. Forde did not wait for them, but, leaving his guns behind him, pressed forward an hour after the defeat of the French against their camp. To reach this he had to pass along a narrow valley commanded by the French heavy guns. These opened fire,

but the English pressed forward without wavering. The defenders, not yet recovered from the effects of their defeat in the plain, at once gave way, and retreated in the utmost confusion towards Rajahmundri. Had the cavalry of Anandraz been at hand to follow up the advantage great numbers might have been captured. As it was, Charlie Marryat with his little force harassed them for some miles, but was unable to effect any serious damage on so strong a body. The English captured thirty-two pieces of cannon, and all the stores, ammunition, and tents of the French.

Forde at once despatched a battalion of Sepoys under Captain Knox in pursuit, and this officer pressed on so vigorously that he approached Rajahmundri the same evening. Two more native battalions reached Knox during the night.

So thoroughly dispirited were the enemy that the sight of the red-coated Sepoys of Knox, whom they could not distinguish from English, induced them to abandon Rajahmundri in all haste, although it contained a strong mud fort with several guns. The French retreated to Masulipatam, the capital of the province, a port which rivalled Madras in its commerce. Forde determined to follow them there, but he was hindered by want of money to pay his troops. This the Rajah Anandraz, who had promised to supply money, now, excited and arrogant by the victory which he had done nothing towards gaining, refused to supply, and many weeks were spent in negotiations before Forde was able to move forward.

The very day before the fight of Condore letters had arrived from Madras stating the urgency of the position there, and upon the night after the battle Colonel Forde ordered Charlie to return to aid in the defence of that city, before which the French had appeared on the 29th of November.

The fort of Madras was now a far more formidable post than it had been when the French before captured it. In the year 1743 Mr. Smith, an engineer, had marked out the lines for a considerable increase in the fortifications. Four thousand

natives were then set to work, and these in eighteen months had completed the fortifications, as designed by Mr. Smith, just before the arrival of the French.

The latter determined to attack from the northern side. Here the fort was protected by a demi-bastion next to the sea, and by the Royal Bastion, the wall between the two being covered by a work known as the North Ravelin. The defence was also strengthened by the fire of the north-west lunette and Pigot's Bastion. Against these the French threw up four batteries.

A few days after the siege began it was found that the numbers crowded up in the fort could scarcely be accommodated, and the rajah was, therefore, invited to leave by sea, on board a ship which would land him at the Dutch settlement of Negapatam, whence he might journey through the Tanjore country to Trichinopoli.

Charlie rode with his troop without interruption through the country, avoiding all bodies of the enemy until he reached the sea fifteen miles north of Madras. Here he hired a native boat, and leaving the troops under the command of Ensign Anstey, sailed for Madras in order to inform the garrison of Forde's victory over the French, and to concert with the governor as to the measures which he wished him to carry out to harass the enemy. He was accompanied only by Tim and Hossein.

Governor Pigot was in general command of the defence, having under him Colonel Lawrence in command of the troops. The latter, after inquiring from Charlie the character of the officer he had left in command of his troop, and finding that he was able and energetic, requested Charlie to send orders to him to join either the force under Captain Preston at Chingalpatt, or that of a native leader, Mahommed Issoof, both of whom were ravaging and destroying the country about Conjeveram, whence the French besieging Madras drew most of their provisions. Charlie himself was requested to remain in

the fort, where his experience in sieges would render him of great value.

At daybreak on the 2nd of January the Lorraine and Lally Batteries opened fire. The English guns, however, proved superior in weight and number, dismounted two of the cannon, and silenced the others. Every day, however, added to their strength, as fresh vessels with artillery continued to arrive from Pondicherry.

On the 25th the *Shaftesbury*, one of the Company's trading vessels, commanded by Captain Inglis, was seen approaching. The five French ships hoisted English colours. A catamaran was sent out to warn her, and at nine o'clock in the evening she came to anchor. She had on board only some invalids, but brought the welcome news that three other ships with troops would soon be up. She had on board, too, thirty-seven chests of silver and many military stores, among them hand-grenades and large shell, which were most welcome to the garrison, who had nearly expended their supply.

Many of the guns of the fort were dismounted by the artillery fire, which had continued with scarcely any intermission for a month.

Several sorties were made, but matters remained unchanged until the 14th, when six English ships were seen standing into the roads, and that night the French drew out from their trenches and retreated.

In spite of the resolution with which the French had pushed the siege it was from the first destined to failure. The garrison were well provisioned, had great stores of ammunition, and plenty of spare cannon to replace those disabled or dismounted. The works were strong and the garrison not greatly inferior in number to the besiegers.

During the siege Charlie had been most active in the defence. Colonel Lawrence had assigned no special post to him, but used him as what would now be called his chief of the staff. He was ever where the fire was thickest, encouraging the men,

and during the intervals of comparative cessation of fire he went about the fort seeing to the comforts of the men in their quarters, to the issue of stores, and other matters. Upon the very morning after the French had withdrawn he asked to be allowed to rejoin his troop, which was with Major Calliaud, and at once started to rejoin Colonel Forde. He wished to take the whole of his corps with him; but Colonel Lawrence considered that these would be of extreme use in following up the French and in subsequent operations, as cavalry was an arm in which the English were greatly deficient.

Colonel Forde had been terribly delayed by the conduct of Rajah Anandraz, and the delay enabled the French again to recover heart. He was not able to move forward until the 1st of March. On the 6th he arrived before Masulipatam, and the following day Charlie joined him with his troop. The fort of Masulipatam stood in an extremely defensible position. It was surrounded by a swamp on three sides. The other face rested on the river. From the land side it was only approachable by a causeway across the swamp, and this was guarded by a strong ravelin, which is the military name for an outwork erected beyond the ditch of a fortress. It was in all respects capable of a prolonged defence. In form it was an irregular parallelogram about eight hundred yards in length and six hundred yards wide, and on the walls were eleven strong bastions. The morass which surrounded it was of from three to eighteen feet in depth. On the approach of Forde, Conflans evacuated the town, which, also surrounded by swamps and lying two miles to the north-west of the fort, was itself a most defensible position, and retired across the narrow causeway, more than a mile long, to the fort.

CHAPTER XXVII

MASULIPATAM

"I am heartily glad that you have come, Marryat," Colonel Forde said as Charlie rode up. "I have got here at last, as you see, but that is a very different thing from getting in. An uglier place to attack I never saw; and in other respects matters are not bright. Anandraz is a constant worry and trouble to me. He has everything to gain by our success, and yet will do nothing to aid it. His men are worse then useless in fight, and the only thing which we want and he could give us—money—he will not let us have. Will you ride with me to the spot where I'm erecting my batteries, and you will see the prospect for yourself."

The prospect was, as Charlie found when he saw it, the reverse of cheerful.

On the 18th of March, while his batteries were still incomplete, Forde received certain news that the Nizám of the Deccan, the old ally of the French, was advancing with an army of forty thousand men to attack him. No British commander ever stood in a position of more imminent peril. This completed the terror of Anandraz. Du Rocher had caused reports to be circulated that he intended to march against that chief's territories, and the news of the approach of the Nizám, who was his suzerain lord, completed his dismay. He refused to advance another penny. Colonel Forde had already expended the prize-money gained by the troops, his own private funds, and those of his officers in buying food for his troops, and the men were several months in arrear of their pay.

"I'm afraid, yer honour," Tim said that evening to Charlie, "that there's going to be a shindy."

"What do you mean by a shindy, Tim?"

"I mane, yer honour, that the men are cursing and swearing, and saying the devil a bit will they fight any longer. It's rank

mutiny and rebellion, yer honour; but there's something to be said for the poor boys. They have seen all the prize-money they have taken spent. Not a thraneen have they touched for months. Their clothes are in rags, and here they are before a place which there's no more chance of their taking than there is of their flying up to the clouds. And now they hear that, besides the French behind us, there's the Nizám with forty thousand of his men marching aginst us. It's a purty kettle of fish altogether, yer honour. It isn't for myself I care, Mr. Charles. Haven't I got an order in my pocket on the treasury at Madras for three hundred pound and over; but it's mighty hard, yer honour, just when one has become a wealthy man, to be shut up in a French prison."

"Well, Tim, I hope there will be no trouble; but I own that things look bad."

"Hossein has been saying, yer honour, that he thinks that the best way would be for him and me to go out and chop off the heads of half a dozen of the chief ringleaders. But I thought I'd better be after asking yer honour's pleasure in the affair before I set about it."

To Tim's great disappointment Charlie told him that the step was one to which he could hardly assent at present.

The next morning the troops turned out with their arms and threatened to march away. Forde spoke to them gently but firmly. He told them that he could not believe that men who had behaved so gallantly at Condore would fail now in their duty. He begged them to return to their tents, and to send two of their number as deputies to him. This they did. The deputies came to the colonel's tent and told him that all were resolved to fight no more unless they were immediately paid the amount of prize-money due to them, and were assured of the whole booty in case Masulipatam should be taken. Colonel Forde promised that they would receive their prize-money out of the very first funds which reached him. As to the booty which might be taken in Masulipatam, he said he had

no power to change the regulations of the Company; but that he would beg the Company, under consideration of the hardships which the troops had endured and their great services, to forego their half of the plunder. Directly Masulipatam was taken, he said, he would divide one half among them, and hold the other until he obtained the Company's answer to his request. Then he would distribute it at once. With this answer the troops were satisfied, and returned at once to their duty.

Letters came in from the Nizám to Anandraz, ordering him instantly to quit the English camp and join him. The rajah was so terrified that that night he started with his troops without giving any information of his intentions to Colonel Forde; and dilatory as were his motions in general, he on this occasion marched sixteen miles before daybreak.

The instant Colonel Forde heard that he had left he sent for Charlie Marryat. "I suppose you have heard, Marryat, that that scoundrel Anandraz has bolted. Ride off to him with your troop and do your best to persuade him to return."

"I will do so, sir," Charlie said; "but really it seems to me that we are better without him than with him. His men only consume our provisions and cause trouble, and they are no more good fighting than so many sheep."

"That is so," Colonel Forde said. "But in the first place his five thousand men, absolutely worthless as they are, swell our forces to a respectable size. If Conflans and Du Rocher saw how small is our really fighting body, they would fall upon us together and annihilate us. In the second place, if Anandraz goes to the Nizám he will at once, of course, declare for the French, and will give up Vizagapatam and the rest of the ground we won by the battle of Condore. The whole of the fruits of the campaign would be lost, and we should only hold that portion of the Northern Circars on which our troops here are encamped."

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," Charlie said; "you are right and I am wrong. I will start at once."

Putting himself at the head of his five-and-twenty men Charlie rode off at once in pursuit of the rajah. He found him encamped in a village. Charlie had already instructed his men as to the course which they were to pursue, and halted them at a distance of fifty yards from the rajah's tent. Then dismounting, and followed by Tim as his orderly and Hossein as his body-servant, he walked to the tent. He found Anandraz surrounded by his chief officers. The rajah received him coldly; but Charlie, paying no attention to this, took a seat close to him. "I am come, Rajah," he said, "from Colonel Forde to point out to you the folly of the course which you have pursued. By the line which you have taken so far, it is evidently your intention to cross the Godavery and retire to your own country. What chance have you of accomplishing this? By this time the cavalry of the Nizám will be scattered over the whole country between this and the Godavery. At Rajahmundri is Du Rocher with his army, who will take you in flank. Even supposing that you reach your own country, what is the future open to you? If the English are finally successful they will deprive you of your rank and possessions for deserting them now. If the French are victorious they and the Nizám will then turn their attention to you, and you cannot hope to escape with life when your treason has brought such troubles upon them."

The rajah looked for a minute doubtful, and then, encouraged by the murmurs of the officers around him, who were weary of the expedition and its labours although their troops had not fired a single shot, he said obstinately: "No more words are needed. I have made up my mind."

"And so have I," Charlie said, and with a sudden spring he leaped upon the rajah, seized him by the throat, and placed a pistol to his ear. Hossein drew his sword and rushed to his side. Tim ran outside and held up his arm, and the little body of cavalry at once rode up, and half of them, dismounting, entered the tent with drawn swords.

So astounded were the officers of the rajah at Charlie's sudden attack, that for a moment they knew nor what to do, and before they could recover from their surprise Charlie's troopers entered.

"Take this man," Charlie said, pointing to the rajah, "to that tree and hang him at once. Cut down any of these fellows who move a finger." The rajah was dragged to the tree almost lifeless with terror. "Now, Rajah," Charlie said, "you either give instant orders for your army to march back to Masulipatam, or up you go on that branch above there."

The terrified rajah instantly promised to carry out Charlie's orders and to remain faithful to the English. The officers were brought out from the tent and received orders from the rajah to set his troops instantly in motion on their way back. The rajah was led to his tent and there kept under a guard until the army was in motion. When the whole of it was well on its way Charlie said: "Now, Rajah, we will ride on. We will say no more about this little affair, and I will ask Colonel Forde to forgive your ill-behaviour in leaving him. But mind, if at any future time you attempt to disobey his orders or to retire from the camp, I will blow out your brains, even if I have to follow you with my men into the heart of your own palace."

Upon their return to the British camp Charlie explained to Colonel Forde the measures which he was obliged to take to convince the rajah of the soundness of his arguments, and of these Colonel Forde entirely approved. He told Charlie that he had sent off to open negotiations with Salabat Jang, so as to detain him as long as possible at Baizwara. Without any intermission the batteries continued to play on the fort from the 25th of March to the 6th of April. Several houses had been destroyed and some breaches effected, but these the French repaired in the night as fast as they were made. They were aware of the position of the English, and regarded the siege with contempt.

On the morning of the 7th news came that the Nizám was advancing from Baizwara to attack the English, and that Du Rocher was hurrying from Rajahmundri to effect a junction with him. The same morning the senior artillery officer reported to Colonel Forde that only two days' ammunition for the batteries remained in store. He learned, too, that a ship with three hundred French soldiers would arrive in the course of a day or two. The position was, indeed, a desperate one, and there remained only the alternatives of success against the fort or total destruction. He determined to attack. All day his batteries kept up a heavier fire than ever, maintaining an equal fire against all the bastions in order that, if the enemy should obtain any information of the projected attack, they would not know against which point it was directed. Colonel Forde had ascertained that fishermen were in the habit of making their way across the swamp to the south-west angle of the fort, that on the sea face opposite to the British frontiers; he determined to effect a diversion by an attack upon that side, and therefore ordered Captain Knox, with seven hundred Sepoys, to make a detour to cross the swamp and to attack upon that side. Still further to distract the attention of the garrison he instructed Anandraz to advance with his men along the causeway and to open fire against the ravelin. The main attack, which consisted of the rest of the force, composed of three hundred and twenty European infantry, thirty gunners, thirty sailors, and seven hundred Sepoys, was to be delivered against the breach in the bastion, mounting ten guns, in the north-east angle of the fort.

At ten o'clock the force drew up under arms. The fire of the batteries was kept up much later than usual in order that the enemy should have no time to repair the breaches. Midnight was the time fixed for the attack, as the tide was then at its lowest and the water in the ditches only three feet deep. Captain Knox and his party started first. The absence—never accounted for—of Captain Callender, detained the main body.

Captain Fisher with the first division attacked the breach; Captain Maclean with the second covered them by opening fire upon the bastion on their right; while the third, led by Captain Yorke, replied to that on their left. Charlie, although superior in rank to any of these officers, had no specific command, but accompanied the party as a simple volunteer.

The storming party soon mounted the breach, and Yorke's division joined it on the top. Yorke, turning to the left, seized the bastion which was firing on Maclean; while Fisher turned along the ramparts to the right to secure the bastions in that direction. Yorke now pushed forward with his men at the foot of the rampart and carried two out of three of the bastions on that side. The men, however, separated from the rest and alone in the unknown town, were beginning to lose heart. Suddenly they came upon a small magazine, and some of the men called out, "A mine!" Seized with a sudden panic the whole division ran back, leaving Yorke alone with two native drummer boys, who continued to beat the advance.

"Major Marryat," Captain Yorke said, "will you rally these fellows and bring them after me. They've been frightened with a false alarm of a mine and have lost their heads altogether."

Charlie, aided by Tim, exerted himself to the utmost to encourage and command the soldiers, shaming them by telling them that while they, European soldiers, were cowering in the bastion, their Sepoy comrades were winning the town. "Unless," he said, "in one minute the whole of you are formed up ready to advance, I will take care that not one shall have a share in the prize-money that will be won to-night."

The men now fell in, and Charlie led them after Captain Yorke. The first retreat of the latter's division had given the French time to rally a little, and as he now made along the rampart towards the bastion on the river, the French officer in command there having turned a gun and loaded it with

grape discharged it when the English were within a few yards. Captain Yorke fell badly wounded. The two black drummer boys were killed, as were several of the men, and sixteen others were wounded. Charlie, hurrying along with the rest of the party, met the survivors of Captain Yorke's little band coming back carrying their wounded officer.

"There," Charlie shouted to his men, "that is your doing. Now retrieve yourselves. Show you are worthy of the name of British soldiers." With a shout the men rushed forward and carried the bastion, and this completed the capture of the whole of the wall from the north-east angle to the river.

In the meantime Captain Fisher with his division was advancing to the right along the rampart. Maclean's men had joined him, and they were pushing steadily forward. Colonel Forde continued with the reserve at the bastion first taken, receiving reports from both divisions as they advanced, and sending the necessary orders. As fast as the prisoners were brought in they were sent down the breach into the ditch, where they were guarded by Sepoys, who threatened to shoot any that tried to climb up.

Meanwhile all was disorder in the town. Greatly superior as were the besieged to their assailants in number, they could, if properly handled, have easily driven them back. Instead, however, of disregarding the attack by Knox at the south-west angle, which was clearly only a feint, and that of Anandraz on the ravelin, which might have been disregarded with equal safety, and concentrating all their forces against the main attack, they made no sustained effort against either of the columns which were rapidly carrying bastion after bastion. Conflans appeared to have completely lost his head as messenger after messenger arrived at his house by the river with news of the progress of the English columns. As Fisher's division advanced towards the bastion in which was the great gate, the French who had gathered there again attempted to check its progress. But his men reserved their fire until close to the

enemy, and then discharging a volley at a few yards' distance they rapidly cleared the bastion. Fisher at once closed the great gates, and thus cut off all the defenders of the ravelin and prevented any of the troops within from joining these and cutting their way through the rajah's troops, which would have been no difficult matter. Just as the division was again advancing, Captain Callender, to the astonishment of everyone, appeared and took his place at its head. A few shots only were fired after this, and the last discharge killed Captain Callender.

By this time Conflans, bewildered and terrified, had sent a message to Colonel Forde offering to surrender on honourable terms. Colonel Forde sent back to say that he would give no terms whatever; that the town was in his power and further resistance hopeless, and that if it continued longer he would put all who did not surrender to the sword. On the receipt of this message Conflans immediately sent round orders that all his men were to lay down their arms and to fall in in the open space by the water. The English assembled on the parade by the bastion of the gateway. Captain Knox's column was marched round from the south-west into the town. A strong body of artillery kept guard over the prisoners till morning. Then the gate was opened and the French in the ravelin entered the fort and became prisoners with the rest of the garrison. The whole number of prisoners exceeded three thousand, of whom five hundred were Europeans and the rest Sepoys. The loss of the English was twenty-two Europeans killed and sixty-two wounded. The Sepoys had fifty killed and a hundred and fifty wounded. The rajah's people, who had kept up their false attack upon the ravelin with much more bravery and resolution than had been expected, also lost a good many men.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE DEFEAT OF LALLY

A large quantity of plunder was obtained at Masulipatam. Half was at once divided among the troops, according to promise, and the other half retained until the permission, applied for by Colonel Forde, was received from Madras for its division among them. Rajah Anandraz, greatly terrified at the approach of the Nizám, had, two days after the capture of the place, received a portion of the plunder as his share, and marched away to his own country, Forde, disgusted with his conduct throughout the campaign, making no effort whatever to retain him.

When Salabat Jang heard that the French had sailed away to Pondicherry, he felt that his prospects of retaking the town were small, and at the same time receiving news that his own dominions were threatened by an enemy, he concluded a treaty with Forde, granting Masulipatam and the Northern Circars to the English, and agreeing never again to allow any French troops to enter his dominions. He then marched back to his own country.

Charlie returned to Madras, and journeying up the country he joined the main body of his troop under Peters. They had been engaged in several dashing expeditions, and had rendered great service; but they had been reduced in numbers by action and sickness, and the whole force when reunited only numbered eighty sabres. Lieutenant Hallowes had been killed and Peters had been twice wounded. The two friends were greatly pleased to meet again, and had much to tell each other of their adventures since they parted.

The next morning a deputation of four of the men waited upon Charlie. They said that from their share of the booty of the various places they had taken, all were now possessed of sums sufficient in India to enable them to live in comfort

for the rest of their lives; they hoped, therefore, that Charlie would ask the authorities at Madras to disband the corps, and allow them to return home. Their commander, however, pointed out to them that the position was still a critical one; that the French possessed a very powerful army at Pondicherry, which would shortly take the field; and that the English would need every one of their soldiers to meet the storm. If victorious there could be no doubt that a final blow would be dealt to French influence, and that the Company would then be able to reduce its forces. The men, although rather disappointed, retired, content to make the best of the circumstances.

"Have you heard from home lately?" Peters asked.

"Yes," Charlie said. "There was a large batch of letters lying for me at Madras. My eldest sister, who has now been married three years, has just presented me with a second nephew. Katie and my mother are well."

"Your sister is not engaged yet?" Peters asked.

"No. Katie says she's quite heart-whole at present. Let me see—how old is she now? It is just eight years and a half since we left England, and she was twelve years old then. She is now past twenty. She would do nicely for you, Peters, when you go back. It would be awfully jolly if you two were to fall in love with each other."

"I feel quite disposed to do so," Peters said, laughing, "from your descriptions of her. I've heard so much of her in all the time we've been together, and she writes such bright merry letters, that I seem to know her quite well."

The day after the deputation from his men had spoken to Charlie, Tim said:

"I hope, yer honour, that whin the troop's disbanded you will be going home for a bit yerself."

"I intend to do so, Tim. I have been wanting to get away for the last two years, but I did not like to ask for leave until everything was settled here. And what is more, when I once

get back I don't think they will ever see me in India again. I have sufficient means to live as a wealthy man in England, and I've seen enough fighting to last a lifetime."

"Hooroo!" shouted Tim. "That's the best word I've heard for a long time. And I shall settle down as yer honour's butler, and look after the grand house and see that you're comfortable. And there's Hossein, yer honour. Fire and water wouldn't keep him away from you, though what he'll do in the colds of the winter at home is more than I know. It makes me laugh to see how his teeth chatter and how the creetur shivers of a cold morning here. But cold or no cold he'd follow you to the north pole, and climb up it if yer honour told him."

Charlie laughed. "He is safe not to be put to the test there, Tim. However, you may be sure that if Hossein is willing to go to England with me, he shall go."

For some months no great undertaking was attempted on either side. At last, in January, 1760, the rival armies approached each other. Captain Sherlock, with thirty Europeans and three hundred Sepoys, was besieged by the French in the fort of Wandiwash.

Lally himself was commanding the besieging force, having as his second in command M. Bussy, of whom, however, he was more jealous than ever.

When the English were known to be advancing against him, Bussy strongly advised that the siege should be abandoned and a strong position taken up for the battle. The advice was unquestionably good, but Lally neglected it, and remained in front of Wandiwash until the English were seen approaching. The French cavalry, among whom were three hundred European dragoons, and a cloud of Maratta horse moved forward against the English, whose troops were scattered on the line of march. Colonel Coote brought up two guns, and these, being kept concealed from the enemy until they came within two hundred yards, opened suddenly upon them, while the

Sepoys fired heavily with their muskets The Marattas rapidly turned and rode off, and the French cavalry, finding themselves alone, retired in good order. Colonel Coote now drew up his army in order of battle, and marched his troops so as to take up a position in front of some gardens and other inclosures which extended for some distance from the foot of the mountains out on to the plain. These inclosures would serve as a defence in case the army should be forced to retire from the open.

The French remained immovable in their camp. Seeing this, Colonel Coote marched his troops to the right, the infantry taking up their post in the stony ground at the foot of the mountain, at a mile and a half from the French camp. Some of the French cavalry came out to reconnoitre, but, being fired upon, returned. Finding that the French would not come out to attack, Colonel Coote again advanced until he reached a point where, swinging round his right in a position of great strength, he faced the enemy. His right was now covered by the fire of the fort, his left by the broken ground at the foot of the hills.

As soon as the English had taken up their position the French sallied out from their camp and formed in line of battle The French cavalry were on their right; next to these was the regiment of Lorraine, four hundred strong; in the centre the battalion of India, seven hundred strong. Next to these was Lally's regiment, four hundred strong, its left resting upon an entrenched tank, which was held with four guns by three hundred marines and sailors from their fleet. Twelve other guns were in line, three between each regiment. Four hundred Sepoys were in reserve at a tank in rear of that held by the marines. Nine hundred Sepoys held a ridge behind the position, but in front of the camp, and at each end of this ridge was an entrenchment guarded by fifty Europeans. A hundred and fifty Europeans and three hundred Sepoys remained in the batteries facing Wandiwash. The whole force consisted of two

thousand four hundred Europeans and sixteen hundred Sepoys. The Marattas, three thousand strong, remained in their own camp and did not advance to the assistance of their allies.

The English army consisted of nineteen hundred Europeans of whom eighty were cavalry, two thousand one hundred Sepoys, twelve hundred and fifty irregular horse, and twenty-six field-guns. The Sepoys were on the flanks, the Company's two battalions in the centre, with Coote's regiment on their right and Draper's on their left. The four grenadier companies of the white regiments were withdrawn from the fighting line, and with two hundred Sepoys on each flank were held as a reserve. Ten field-pieces were in line with the troops; two, with two companies of Sepoys, were posted a little on the left; the rest were in reserve. The English line was placed somewhat obliquely across that of the French, their left being the nearest to the enemy.

As the English took up their position Lally led out his cavalry, made a wide sweep round the plain, and then advanced against the English horse, who were drawn up some little distance behind the reserve. Upon seeing their approach the whole of the irregular horse fled at once, leaving only Charlie's troop remaining. The Sepoys with the two guns on the left were ordered to turn these round so as to take the advancing French in flank; but the flight of their horse had shaken the natives, and the French cavalry would have fallen unchecked on Charlie's little troop, which was already moving forward to meet them, had not Captain Barlow, who commanded the British artillery, turned two of his guns and opened fire upon them. Fifteen men and horses fell at the first discharge, throwing the rest into some confusion, and at the next deadly discharge the whole turned and rode off. Seeing the enemy retreating, many of the irregular horse rode back, and, joining Charlie's troop, pursued them round to the rear of their own camp.

For a short time a cannonade was kept up by the guns on

both sides, the English fire, being better directed, causing some damage. Upon Lally's return to his camp with the cavalry he at once gave the order to advance. Coote ordered the Europeans of his force to do the same, the Sepoys to remain on their ground. The musketry fire began at one o'clock. The English, according to Coote's orders, retained theirs until the enemy came close at hand. Following the tactics which were afterwards repeated many times in the Peninsula, the Lorraine regiment, forming a column twelve deep, advanced against Coote's regiment, which received them in line. The French came on at the double. When within a distance of fifty yards, Coote's regiment poured a volley into the front and flanks of the column. Although they suffered heavily from this fire the French bravely pressed on with levelled bayonets, and the head of the column, by sheer weight, broke through the English line. The flanks of the English, however, closed in on the sides of the French column, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. In this the English had all the advantage, attacking the French fiercely on either side, until the latter broke and ran back to the camp.

Colonel Coote, who was with his regiment, ordered it to form in regular order again before it advanced, and rode off to see what was going on in the rest of the line. As he was passing on a shot struck an ammunition wagon in the entrenched tank held by the French. This exploded, killing and wounding eighty men, among whom was the commander of the post. The rest of its occupants, panic-stricken by the explosion, ran back to the next tank. Their panic communicated itself to the Sepoys there, and all ran back together to the camp. Colonel Coote at once sent orders to Major Brereton, who commanded Draper's regiment, to take possession of the tank before the enemy recovered from the confusion which the explosion would be sure to cause. The ground opposite that which Draper's regiment occupied was held by Lally's regiment, and in order to prevent his men being exposed to a

flanking fire from these, Draper ordered them to file off to the right. Bussy, who commanded at this wing, endeavoured to rally the fugitives, and, gathering fifty or sixty together, added two companies of Lally's regiment to them, and posted them in the tank; he then returned to the regiment. As Major Brereton, moving up his men, reached the entrenchment a heavy fire was poured upon him. Major Brereton fell, mortally wounded, and many of his men were killed. The rest, however, with a rush carried the entrenchment, and, firing down from the parapet on the guns on Lally's left, drove the gunners from them. Two companies held the entrenchment, and the rest formed in the plain on its left to prevent Lally's regiment attacking it on this side. Bussy wheeled Lally's regiment, detached a portion of it to recover the entrenchment, and with the rest marched against Draper's troops in the plain.

A heavy musketry fire was kept up on both sides until the two guns, posted by Draper's regiment, and left behind when they attacked the entrenchment, came up and opened on the French. These began to waver. Bussy, as the only chance of gaining the day, put himself at their head, and endeavoured to lead them forward to attack the English with the bayonet. His horse, however, was struck with a ball and soon fell; the English fire was redoubled, and but twenty of Lally's men kept round him. Two companies of the English rushed forward and surrounded the little party, who at once surrendered. Bussy was led a prisoner to the rear, and as he went was surprised at the sight of the three hundred grenadiers, the best troops in the English army, remaining quietly in reserve. While on either flank the French were now beaten, the fight in the centre, between the European troops of the English and French Companies, had continued, but had been confined to a hot musketry and artillery fire. But upon seeing the defeat of their flanks the enemy's centre likewise fell back to their camp.

From the moment when the Lorraine regiment had been routed, four field-pieces kept up an incessant fire into their camp to prevent them from rallying. The three English regiments now advanced in line and entered the enemy's camp without the least opposition. The Lorraine regiment had passed through it a mass of fugitives, the India regiment and Lally's went through rapidly, but in good order. Lally had in vain endeavoured to bring the Sepoys forward to the attack to restore the day. The French cavalry, seeing the retreat of Lorraine's regiment, advanced to cover it, their appearance completely intimidating the English irregular horse. Charlie's troop were too weak to charge them single-handed. Reanimated by the attitude of their cavalry, the men of the Lorraine regiment rallied, yoked up four field-pieces which were standing in the rear of the camp, and moved off in fair order. They were joined in the plain by Lally's regiment and the India battalion, and the whole, setting fire to their tents, moved off in good order. The four field-pieces kept in the rear, and behind these moved the cavalry. As they retired they were joined by the four hundred and fifty men from the batteries opposite Wandiwash.

Colonel Coote sent orders to his cavalry to harass the enemy. These followed them for five miles, but as the native horse would not venture within range of the enemy's field-guns, Charlie, to his great disappointment, was able to do nothing.

The news of this victory reached Madras on the following morning, and excited as much enthusiastic joy as that of Plassey had done at Calcutta, and the event was almost as important a one. There was no longer the slightest fear of danger, and the Madras authorities began to meditate an attack upon Pondicherry.

After the battle of Wandiwash Charlie kept his promise to his men. The troop, joined by many of their comrades, who had been at different times sent down sick and wounded to

Madras, formed up there on parade for the last time. They responded with three hearty cheers to the address which Charlie gave them, thanking them for their services, bidding them farewell, and hoping that they would long enjoy the prize-money which they had gallantly won. Then they delivered over their horses to the authorities, drew their prize-money from the treasury, and started for their respective homes.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SIEGE OF PONDICHERRY

As the health of the two officers was shaken by their long and arduous work, and their services were not for the moment needed, they obtained leave for three months, and went down in a coasting ship to Colombo, where several English trading stations had been established.

Their residence in the brisk air of the hills completely restored their health, and they returned to Madras perfectly ready to take part in the great operations which were impending. Charlie on his return was appointed to serve as chief of the staff to Colonel Coote, Captain Peters being given the command of a small body of European horse, who were, with a large body of irregulars, to aid in bringing in supplies to the British army and to prevent the enemy from receiving food from the surrounding country.

The English encampment was at Perimbé on the main road leading through an avenue of trees to Pondicherry. Colonel Coote threw up a redoubt on the hill behind Perimbé and another on the avenue, to check any French force advancing from Pondicherry. These works were finished on the morning of the 19th of July. The next morning the French army advanced along the river Ariangopang, but Coote marched

half his force to meet them, while he moved the rest as if to attack the redoubts. As the fall of these would have placed the attacking force in his rear, Lally at once returned to the town. The same evening the Mysoreans, with three thousand bullocks carrying their artillery and drawing their baggage, and three thousand more laden with rice and other provisions, arrived on the other bank of the Ariangopang river, crossed under the guns of the redoubt of that name, and entered the town.

The fort of Vellenore was strong. The English batteries opened at daybreak on the 16th, and at nine o'clock the whole of the French army with the Mysoreans advanced along the bank of the river. Coote at once got his troops under arms, and advanced towards the French, sending a small detachment of Europeans to reinforce the Sepoys firing at the fort of Vellenore.

The French commander of the place had really nothing to fear. The French army was in sight, and in ten minutes a general engagement would have begun. In spite of all this the coward at once hoisted a flag of truce and surrendered. The Europeans and Sepoys ran in through the gate, and the former instantly turned the guns of the fort upon the French army. This halted, struck with amazement and anger, and Lally at once ordered it to retire upon the town.

A week afterwards six ships with six hundred fresh troops from England arrived.

The Mysoreans who had brought food into Pondicherry made many excursions in the country, but were sharply checked. Great distress set in among them, and this was heightened by the failure of a party with two thousand bullocks with rice to enter the town. Shortly afterwards the Mysorean troops left Pondicherry and marched to attack Trinomalai.

On the 2nd of September two more men-of-war, the *America* and *Medway*, arrived, raising the fleet before Pondicherry to seventeen ships of the line. They convoyed several Com-

pany's ships which had brought with them the wing of a Highland regiment.

The same evening Coote ordered four hundred men to march to invest the fort of Ariangopang, but Colonel Monson, second in command, was so strongly against the step that at the last moment he countermanded his orders. The change was fortunate, for Lally, who had heard from his spies of the English intentions, moved his whole army out to attack the—as he supposed—weakened force.

At ten at night fourteen hundred French infantry, a hundred French horse, and nine hundred Sepoys marched out to attack the English, who had no suspicion of their intent.

At midnight a rocket gave the signal and the attack immediately commenced. The attack on the Tamarind redoubt was repulsed, but the redoubt on the hillock was captured and the guns spiked. At the entrenchment on the Oulgarry Road the fight was fierce, and Colonel Coote himself brought down his troops to its defence. The attack was continued, but as, owing to some mistake, the column intended to fall upon the English rear had halted and did not arrive in time, the regiments of Lorraine and Lally drew off, and the whole force retired to the town.

The ships arriving from England brought a commission appointing Monson to the rank of Colonel, with a date prior to that of Colonel Coote, ordering him, however, not to assert his seniority so long as Coote remained at Madras. Coote, however, considered that it was intended that he should return to Bengal, and so, handing over the command to Monson, he went back to Madras. Colonel Monson at once prepared to attack the hedge and its redoubts.

The day had begun to dawn when Colonel Monson approached the Valdore redoubt. At this moment the enemy perceived them and discharged a twenty-four pounder, loaded with small shot, into the column. Eleven men were killed and twenty-six wounded by this terrible discharge, among the

latter Colonel Monson himself, his leg being broken. The grenadiers now rushed furiously to the attack, swarmed round the redoubt, and, although several times repulsed, at last forced their way through the embrasures and captured the position.

Colonel Coote had scarcely arrived at Madras when he received a letter from Colonel Monson saying that he was likely to be incapacitated by his wound for some months, and requesting that he would resume the command of the army. The authorities of Madras strongly urged Coote to return, representing the extreme importance of the struggle in which they were engaged. He consented and reached camp on the night of the 20th. He at once ordered the captured redoubts to be fortified to prevent the enemy again taking the offensive, and erected a strong work called the North Redoubt near the sea-shore and facing the Madras redoubt. The English had now possession of the whole of the outward defences of Pondicherry, with the exception of the two redoubts by the sea-shore.

A day or two later Colonel Coote, advancing along the sea-beach as if with a view of merely making a reconnaissance, pushed on suddenly, entered the village called the Blancherie, as it was principally inhabited by washer-women, and attacked the Madras redoubt. This was carried, but the same night the garrison sallied out again and fell upon the party of Sepoys posted there. Ensign MacMahon was killed, but the Sepoys, although driven out from the redoubt, bravely returned and again attacked the French, who, thinking that the Sepoys must have received large reinforcements, fell back into the village, from which, a day or two later, they retired into the town.

Charlie, who had been suffering from a slight attack of fever, had for some time been staying on board ship for change. In the roadstead of Pondicherry three of the French Indiamen, the *Hermione*, *Baleine*, and the *Compagnie des Indes*, were at anchor near the edge of the surf, under the cover of a hundred guns mounted on the sea face of the fort. These ships were awaiting

the stormy weather at the breaking of the monsoon, when it would be difficult for the English fleet to maintain their position off the town. They then intended to sail away to the south, fill up with provisions, and return to Pondicherry. Admiral Stevens, in order to prevent this contingency, which would have greatly delayed the reduction of the place, determined to cut them out. Charlie's health being much restored by the sea breezes, he asked leave of the admiral to accompany the expedition as a volunteer. On the evening of the 6th, six-and-twenty of the boats of the fleet, manned by four hundred sailors, were lowered and rowed to the *Tiger*, which was at anchor within two miles off Pondicherry, the rest of the fleet lying some distance farther away.

When at midnight the cabin lights of the *Hermione* were extinguished, the expedition started. The boats moved in two divisions, one of which was to attack the *Hermione*, the other the *Baleine*. The third vessel lay nearer in shore, and was to be attacked if the others were captured. The night was a very dark one, and the boats of each division moved in line with ropes stretched from boat to boat to ensure their keeping together in the right direction. Charlie was in one of the boats intended to attack the *Hermione*. Tim accompanied him, but the admiral had refused permission for Hossein to do so, as there were many more white volunteers for the service than the boats would accommodate. They were within fifty yards of the *Hermione* before they were discovered, and a scattering musket fire was at once opened upon them. The crews gave a mighty cheer, and, casting off the ropes, separated, five making for each side of the ship, while two rowed forward to cut the cables at her bows. The *Compagnie des Indes* opened fire upon the boats, but these were already alongside the ship, and the sailors swarmed over the side at ten points. The combat was a short one. The seventy men on board fought bravely for a minute or two, but they were speedily driven below. The hatches were closed over them, and, the cables being already

cut, the mizzen top-sail, the only sail bent, was hoisted, and the boats, taking tow-ropes, began to tow her away from shore.

The instant, however, that the cessation of fire informed the garrison the ship was captured, a tremendous cannonade was opened by the guns of the fortress. The lightning was flashing vividly, and this enabled the gunners to direct their aim upon the ship. Over and over again she was struck, and one shot destroyed the steering wheel, cut the tiller rope, and killed two men who were steering. The single sail was not sufficient to assist in steering her, and the men in the boats rowed with such energy that the ropes continually snapped. The fire continued from the shore, doing considerable damage, and the men in the boats, who could not see that the ship was moving through the water, concluded that she was anchored by a concealed cable and anchor. The officer in command, therefore, called up the Frenchmen from below, telling them he was about to fire the ship. They came on deck and took their places in the boats, which rowed back to the *Tiger*. Upon arriving there Captain Dent, who commanded her, sternly rebuked the officer, and said that unless the boats returned instantly and brought the *Hermione* out he should send his own crew in their boats to fetch her. The division thereupon returned and met the ship half a mile off shore, the land wind having now sprung up. The *Baleine* had been easily captured, and having several sails bent she was brought out without difficulty. No attempt was made to capture the third vessel.

The rains had now set in, but the English laboured steadily at their batteries. The French were becoming pressed for provisions, and Lally turned the whole of the natives remaining in the town, to the number of fourteen hundred men and women, outside the fortifications.

CHAPTER XXX

HOME

The fire of the batteries increased, and by the 13th of January the enemy's fire was completely silenced. The provisions in the town were wholly exhausted, and on the 15th the town surrendered, and the next morning the English took possession.

Charlie, after the siege, in which he had rendered great services, received from the Company, at Colonel Coote's earnest recommendation, his promotion to lieutenant-colonel, while Peters was made a major.

A fortnight after the fall of Pondicherry they returned to Madras and thence took the first ship for England.

The voyage was a pleasant one, and was, for the times, quick, occupying only five months. But to the young men, longing for home after so long an absence, it seemed tedious in the extreme. Tim and Hossein were well content with their quiet easy life after their long toils. They had nothing whatever to do, excepted that they insisted upon waiting upon Charlie and Peters at meals. It was late in June when the *Madras* sailed up the Thames, and as soon as she came to anchor the two officers and their followers landed. The din and bustle of the streets seemed almost as strange to Charlie as they had done when he came up a boy from Yarmouth.

Charlie knew that his mother and Kate had for some years been residing at a house which their uncle had taken in the fashionable quarter of Chelsea. They looked in at the office, however, to see if Charlie's uncle was there, but found that he was not in the city, and, indeed, had now almost retired from the business. They therefore took a coach, placed the small articles of luggage which they had brought with them from the ship on the front seats, and then, Hossein and Tim taking their places on the broad seat beside the driver, they entered the coach and drove to Chelsea.

Charlie had invited Peters, who had no home of his own, to stay with him, at least for a while. Both were now rich men, from their shares of the prize-money of the various forts and towns in whose capture they had taken part, although Charlie possessed some twenty thousand pounds more than his friend, this being the amount of the presents he had received from the Rajah of Ambur.

Alighting from the carriage, Charlie ran up to the door and knocked. Inquiring for Mrs. Marryat, he was shown into a room in which a lady somewhat past middle age and three younger ones were sitting. They looked up in surprise as the young man entered. Ten years had changed him almost beyond recognition, but one of the younger ones at once leaped to her feet and exclaimed, "Charlie!"

His mother rose with a cry of joy, and threw herself into his arms. After rapturously kissing her he turned to the others. Their faces were changed, yet all seemed equally familiar to him, and in his delight he equally embraced them all.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, when he freed himself from their arms. "Why, there are three of you! What on earth am I doing? I have somebody's pardon to beg, and yet, although your faces are changed, they seem equally familiar to me. Which is it? But I need not ask," he said, as a cloud of colour flowed over the face of one of the girls, while the others smiled mischievously.

"You are Katie," he said, "and you are Lizzie, certainly, and this is—why, it is Ada! This is a surprise indeed; but I shan't beg your pardon, Ada, for I kissed you at parting, and quite intended to do the same when I met you again, at least if you offered no violent objection. How you are all grown and changed, while you, Mother, look scarcely older than when I left you. But, there, I have quite forgotten Peters. He has come home with me, and will stay till he has formed his own plans."

He hurried out and brought in Peters, who, not wishing to be present at the family meeting, had been paying the coachman, and seeing to the things being brought into the house. Peters was warmly received by the ladies as the friend and companion of Charlie in his adventures, scarcely a letter having been received from the latter without mention having been made of his comrade.

In a minute or two Mr. Tufton, who had been in the large garden behind the house, hurried in. He was now quite an old man, and under the influence of age and the cheerful society of Mrs. Marryat and her daughters he had lost much of the pomposity which had before distinguished him.

Immediately after their arrival, Charlie had brought in his faithful followers and introduced them to the ladies, who, having often heard of their devotion and faithful services, had received them with a kindness and cordiality which had delighted them.

Lizzie, whose appearance at home had been unexpected by Charlie, for her husband was a landed gentleman at Sevenoaks, in Kent, was, it appeared, paying a visit of a week to her mother; and her three children, two boys and a little girl, were duly brought down to be shown to, and admired by, their Uncle Charles.

Two days later Charlie's elder sister returned with her family to her house at Sevenoaks, where Charlie promised, before long, to pay her a visit. After she had gone, Charlie and Peters, with Katie, made a series of excursions to all the points of interest round London, and on these occasions Ada usually accompanied them. The natural consequences followed. Charlie had for years been the hero of Ada's thoughts, while Katie had heard so frequently of Peters that she was from the first disposed to regard him in the most favourable light. Before the end of two months both couples were engaged, and as both the young officers possessed ample means, and the ladies were heiresses, there was no obstacle to an early

union. The weddings took place a month later, and Tim was, in the exuberance of his delight, hilariously drunk for the first and only time during his service with Charlie. Both gentlemen bought estates in the country, and later took their seats in Parliament, where they vigorously defended their former commander, Lord Clive, against the assaults which were made upon him.

Tim married seven or eight years after his master, and settled down in a nice little house upon the estate. Although henceforth he did no work whatever, he insisted to the end of his life that he was still in Colonel Marryat's service. Hossein, to the great amusement of his master and mistress, followed Tim's example. The pretty cook of Charlie's establishment made no objection to his swarthy hue. Charlie built a snug cottage for them close to the house, where they took up their residence, but Hossein, though the happy father of a large family, continued to the end of a long life to discharge the duties of valet to his master. Both he and Tim were immense favourites with the children of Charlie and Peters, who were never tired of listening to their tales of the exploits of their fathers when with Clive in India.

NOTES

CHAPTER I

Yarmouth, a seaport at the mouth of the Yare, on the coast of Norfolk. It is the chief seat of the herring fishery. It exports agricultural produce as well as herrings and other fish, and imports timber, coal, seeds, grain, and oil-cake.

The Pool, the wide, curving stretch of river which extends from just above the Tower to Wapping Old Stairs.

Bread Street. The street is said to get its name from the fact that the London bakers were in early times bound to sell no bread in their shops or houses, but to sell it in the market here. The street runs off Cheapside Street. The father of John Milton was a scrivener in Bread Street, and there Milton was born in December, 1609. Stow (1525–1604), the antiquary, speaking of the street in his time, says: "Bread Street is now wholly inhabited by rich merchants, and divers fair inns be there". The time of the story is fully a hundred years later; but we are supposed to find Bread Street still occupied by rich merchants.

the Docks, the parts of the river running off the Pool both on the north side and on the south side. They include, as we go down the river from the Tower on the north side, St. Catherine's, London, West India, and East India, and on the south side, the Commercial.

CHAPTER II

running down the Spanish coast. Such would naturally be the course of a vessel sailing to India round the Cape of Good Hope, which, up to the second half of last century, was the way always followed.

CHAPTER III

Madras, the capital of the province of the same name, on the Coromandel coast of the Bay of Bengal. It is situated on an open shore, and exposed to the heavy swell from the bay. Up to nearly the end of last century it was practically only an open roadstead; and ships had to unload their goods, &c., into boats. Great breakwaters were then built to make the harbour of Madras really a place where ships could load and unload in safety, and work on the harbour is still in progress.

CHAPTER IV

Fort St. David, a ruined fortress in the South Arcot district of Madras. The place was originally known as Devipatani, and probably was given the name Fort St. David by Elihu Yale, the Welsh Governor of Fort St. George, Madras, in honour of his country's patron saint. In 1746, when Madras surrendered to La Bourdonnais, Fort St. David became the British head-quarters on the coast. Here Clive got his first

commission in 1747, and here he was appointed Governor in 1756.

CHAPTER V

Tanjore, a coast district at the mouth of the Cauvery, in the south of Madras. The British first came in contact with Tanjore in 1749, when they took up the cause of a rival and attacked Devikottai, which, in the end, the Raja ceded to them.

pretenders: used here in the sense of people who put forward their claim to any position, not in the usual sense of people asserting that they are what they know well they are not.

Devikottai, a ruined fort in Tanjore, at the mouth of the Coleroon River. It was captured in 1749 by the East India Company from Pratap Singh. The Company undertook the conquest at the instance of Sayaji, a deposed Raja. Devikottai was thus the first British possession in India obtained by conquest. The successful expedition was commanded by Major Stringer Lawrence, and Clive, then a lieutenant, had a narrow escape while leading the attack on the breach.

Lawrence, Major Stringer, afterwards Major-General, often spoken of as the "father of the Indian army", served at Gibraltar, 1727, and in Flanders after Fontenoy. He fought at Culloden in 1745. He went to India as a major in the East India Company's forces. He was taken prisoner in 1748, was released at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was military commandant of St. David's in 1749. He commanded Fort St. George, Madras, during its siege by the French, 1758–9. He died 1775.

CHAPTER VI

Trichinopoly. During the wars of the Carnatic, Trichinopoly was more than once besieged. In 1751 Chanda Sahib and his supporters, the French, laid siege to the place, which was held by the English and Muhammad Ali, the son of Anwar-ud-din, whom the English were supporting. In the end Chanda Sahib and the French were defeated. In 1753 it was again besieged, this time by a former ally, Nanjaraj, the general of the Mysore army declaring that it had been promised him by Muhammad Ali as a reward. Major Lawrence came to the relief of the besieged, and defeated the French near the present Fakir's rock. He then went on to Tanjore to get reinforcements from the Mahrattas, and on his return to Trichinopoly he found the place invested by the French, on whom he again forced a general engagement, in which he defeated them for the second time. Twice later, in 1756 and in 1761, the French tried to capture the place, but were defeated, the first time through the vigilance of Captain Calliaud, and the second by Sir Eyre Coote's victory over Lally at Wandewash.

Pondicherry. Pondicherry was almost from the first the capital of the French possessions in India. The settlement was founded in 1674 by François Martin. It was captured by the Dutch in 1693, and restored to France in 1699. Four times during the eighteenth century it was captured by the English, and three times it was restored. After its fourth capture, in 1793, by Colonel Brathwaite, it was not restored till 1816.

Arcot, the name of a district and of a town on the eastern side of the Madras Presidency. The town is situated on the right bank of the Palar, some 2 miles from Ranipet station. It was at one time the capital of the powerful Nawabs of the Carnatic. The capture of Arcot in 1751 and its defence by a comparatively small English force under

Clive is one of the most remarkable feats of British arms in India. In 1758 it was surrendered to Lally, but was recaptured by Coote in 1760, and for the next twenty years it was held by Muhammad Ali, the faithful friend of the British. In 1780 it was captured by Haidar Ali, but Tipu Sultan, his successor, after destroying the fortifications, abandoned the town.

Conjeveram, a town in British India, on the River Palar, 42 miles south-west of Madras. It is one of the holy cities of the Hindus.

CHAPTER VII

sepoys, the name given in India to native soldiers in the service of the British.

subaltern, a name given to a junior officer, ensign or cornet or sub-lieutenant.

to plant ladders, to fix them firmly against the wall so that the men might climb up them and get over the wall.

coup de main, a sudden attack or surprise.

Raja Sahib, the son of the Nawab Chanda Sahib, commanded the force besieging Arcot, which consisted of 120 French, 2000 regular native troops, 300 cavalry, and 5000 irregular foot-soldiers.

Lieutenant Innis. "The Company's agents were very solicitous to relieve them; and, having received some recruits from Europe, formed a party of 100 Europeans, who, with 200 sepoys, set out from Madras under the command of Lieutenant Innis."—*Life of Robert (Lord) Clive*, Vol. I, p. 88. "Before they had advanced 30 miles, they were surrounded in the town of Tiruvallur by 2000 of Raja Sahib's troops detached, with 20 Europeans and 2 field-pieces, from the city." —*Clive*, Vol. I, p. 88.

Morari Ráo, the Mahratta soldier whose daring deeds take up so much of the history of Southern India, captured Gooty in 1746, and repaired its fortifications.

Mahrattas, a people of the Deccan, of mixed race, probably Scytho-Dravidian, speaking an Indo-Aryan language.

Lucknow, capital of Oude, was besieged during the Indian Mutiny. Its reliefs, first by Havelock and Outram, and later by Sir Colin Campbell, are among the most heroic incidents of the war.

Cawnpore, the most important manufacturing town in the United Provinces. It was the scene of a massacre of British soldiers, women, and children, which aroused intense indignation on account of the treachery and cruelty which marked it.

CHAPTER VIII

The 14th November, &c. "It was the 14th of November, and the festival which commemorates the murder of the brothers Hassan and Husein happened to fall at that time."—*Clive*, Vol. I, p. 92.

Vellore, a town on the River Palar, 15 miles west of Arcot; now an important military cantonment.

Captain Kilpatrick's detachment. The force sent from Fort St. David to help Clive consisted of 200 Europeans and 700 sepoys. With this force, after taking Timery, helped by a party of Mahrattas sent by Morari Ráo, Clive defeated the French and their allies at Arni, capturing the Raja Sahib's military chest. Captain Kilpatrick was put in command of the forces left at Arcot.

Conjeveram. See note, Chapter VI. The French had seized this town, and held it as an advanced post. They had also used the threat with regard to two English officers in their hands that if Clive attacked they should be exposed on the wall.

When cannon arrived, the French garrison abandoned their positions and fled during the night.

Clive returned to Madras. "Clive, after destroying the defences of Conjeveram and strengthening the garrison of Arcot, proceeded himself to Fort St. David to report the details of his success and to suggest further operations."—*Clive*, Vol. I, p. 99.

Governor Dupleix, Marquis Joseph François, born at Landrecies, 1697, died at Paris, 1764, a noted French general, who was Governor-General of the French East Indies from 1742 to 1754.

Captain Gingen. Captain Gingen confined himself to the defensive, and so roused a spirit of discontent in the garrison, particularly among the Mahrattas, who told the English "they were not the same kind of men they had seen fight so gallantly at Arcot".—*Clive*, Vol. I, p. 100.

moonshee, usually *munshi*, a Persian word meaning a secretary, commonly used by Europeans to mean a native teacher of Persian, Arabic, or Urdu.

Poonamallee, a town and cantonment 13 miles west of Madras. Raja Sahib, in his attack on Muhammad Ali, plundered the English at Poonamallee, "burning their newly-erected houses at St. Thomas's Mount".

CHAPTER IX

Kaveripak, a village of North Arcot district, noted as the scene of the victory gained by Clive over Raja Sahib. In the memoirs of Lord Clive it is called "Coverspak".

The grove, &c. Clive's "first efforts were unsuccessful from the superiority of the enemy's artillery, and he soon saw he must either capture it or retreat. The mango grove in which the artillery was placed was defended in front by a steep bank and ditch; but the report of those he sent to reconnoitre the rear of their position satisfied him it was open and not guarded."—*Memoirs*, Vol. I, p. 101.

By this sudden stroke, &c. Clive's temporary absence from the main body nearly proved disastrous. It was with great difficulty that he on his return rallied the men in the watercourse and "made them recommence a-firing".—See *Memoirs*, Vol. I, p. 101.

Law, the French commander against Trichinopoly. "On seeing Lawrence making preparations for a general attack of his position to the south of the Caveri he withdrew his troops to the island of Seringham."—*Memoirs*, Vol. I, p. 105.

CHAPTER X

Although called an island, &c. At 11 miles west of Trichinopoly the Cauvery sends off the Coleroon to the north-east. They rejoin 10 miles east of the town. The land thus enclosed is called Srirangam.

Samiaveram, the name given in Orme's *History* to the village of Samayapuram, in the Trichinopoly district.

within 15 miles. D'Auteuil reached Uttatur.

the village, Samayapuram. From this Clive advanced towards Uttatur but turned back when D'Auteuil retreated. Law, who knew of his departure but did not know of his return, sent a force to capture Samayapuram. Of the force sent by Law there were, among the 80 Europeans, 40 English deserters. These played the part of which an account is given in this chapter.

The officer commanding the deserters, the Irishman who had treacherously got into the place on the pretence that he had been sent

by Major Lawrence to reinforce Clive.

Captain Dalton. John Dalton (1726–1811), captain under the East India Company; served as lieutenant on the Coromandel Coast, 1745; captain of a company of European Grenadiers, 1749; took part in the defence of Trichinopoly in 1753; returned to England, 1754.

at Clive's disposal, under Clive's orders.

Paichandah, called in Malcolm's *Memoirs* Pitchandah, a French post on the north bank of the Coleroon which was attacked by Clive and Dalton. The latter, who had volunteered, was wounded during the operations.

Covelong, a village 20 miles south of Madras, taken by the French in 1750; capitulated to Clive in 1752.

Chingleput, 36 miles south-west of Madras. The old fort there was the key of the British position during the Mysore wars.

Miss Maskelyne. She was the daughter of Edmund Maskelyne of Parton, in Wiltshire, and sister of Clive's friend, Edmund Maskelyne, and of Dr. Nevil Maskelyne, afterwards Astronomer Royal. She was a very beautiful and accomplished woman, and to her Clive owed much of the comfort and happiness of his future life. She survived her brilliant husband many years.

CHAPTER XI

Ráo, a title given to a Hindu ruler, meaning prince or king, usually put after name as title of honour—Bálági Ráo.

Nizám, from an Arabic word meaning administrator or viceroy. It is the title given to the rulers of Hyderabad, the largest native state in India. The rulers of Hyderabad were viceroys of the Mogul Emperors of Delhi.

Bussy, Charles Joseph Patissier, Marquis de Bussy-Castelnau, the distinguished French officer who escorted the new Nizám Muzaffar Jang to Aurungabad, his capital, and remained there as resident and adviser. In 1753 he got the assignment of the revenue of the Northern Circars for the payment of his troops.

Peshwa (from a Persian word meaning esteemed, influential), was the title of the Prime Minister of the Mahratta kingdom. The title became hereditary, and the Peshwa became the recognized ruler of the kingdom.

Bheel, usually written Bhil. The Bhils belong to the hill country in the north of the Deccan. They are bold and crafty robbers, and the Mahrattas treated them with great harshness. Some of the Bhil clans claim to be Rajputs.

Ambur. There is a town called Ambur in the North Arcot district of Madras. Here, in 1749, the first pitched battle in the long wars of the Carnatic was fought.

CHAPTER XIII

Tulwar, a Hindu word (correctly *talwar*) meaning a sword.

Morari Ráo. This Mahratta leader was called in as an umpire in the dispute that arose between Muhammad Ali and Mysore after the death of Chanda Sahib. His favourite residence was Gooty, and he played a great part in the history of Southern India in the third quarter of the eighteenth century. Chanda Sahib made Morari Ráo Governor of Trichinopoly.

CHAPTER XIV

reaches Hyderabad. Gooty lies nearly midway between Mysore and

Hyderabad, which was under Bussy the loyal supporter of Dupleix.

Saunders, the exceedingly capable Governor of Madras, who, with Clive and Stringer Lawrence, may be looked upon as the founder of the British dominion in India.

Calicut, an important seaport on the west coast of India, between 200 and 300 miles west-south-west of Ambur. It was Calicut that Vasco da Gama reached after his voyage round the Cape in 1498. The town decreased in importance under the Portuguese; but it has again become a flourishing seaport and a great emporium of trade with Arabia and Persia.

Tulaji Angria, the hereditary chief of a body of pirates who harassed the shipping on the Malabar coast. The first of these Angrias was Kanhoji, the admiral of the Mahratta fleet, who had his headquarters at Kolaba, an island fort not far from Alibag. Capturing the Peshwa, he set up as an independent ruler in 1713. He died 1731, and, after a struggle between his two sons, Tulaji succeeded in 1748. Defeat of Dutch ships historically true.

CHAPTER XV

Gheria, or Vijayadurg, a port and fort in the Ratnagiri district of Bombay. It was the capital of Angria, and was captured by Clive and Admiral Watson in 1756.

Suvarnadrug, an island fortress off the port of Harnai, in the Ratnagiri district of Bombay.

CHAPTER XVI

Commodore James, afterwards Sir William (1721–83), entered the service of the East India Company in 1747; was commander of the Bombay marines, 1751 to 1759; captured Suvarnadrug in 1755, and Gheria, 1757; created baronet, 1778.

The attack upon Gheria. The attack on the chief fortress of the Angria pirates was made at the request of the Peshwa, whose forces under Ramajee Punt co-operated in the attack with the Company's fleet and army.

shikari (from a Persian word meaning hunting game), means one whose profession is the pursuit of game.

howdah, the seat fixed on the back of an elephant.

mahout, an elephant driver.

CHAPTER XVII

Ramajee Punt. Ramajee Punt commanded the Mahratta army which the Peshwa had sent to cooperate with the British expedition under Clive and Admiral Watson.

He wants to get all the plunder, &c. When the British fleet appeared Tulaji Angria went to the Mahratta camp and proposed terms to Ramajee Punt. These, if accepted, would have had the effect stated in the text.

A hundred and fifty pieces, &c. "The fleet, drawn up in two parallel divisions on the north side of the promontory, opened on the fort at the distance of only fifty yards, with one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon and the mortars of five 'bomb ketches'."—*Comprehensive History of India*, Vol. I, p. 514.

No white flag, &c. "No surrender was offered."—*Comprehensive History of India*, Vol. I, p. 515.

between the Mahrattas and the fort. Ramajee Punt offered a bribe of £8000 to Captain Buchanan, the officer on picket, to allow him and a few of his people to pass into the fort. The bribe was indignantly rejected.

Hoogly, usually now Hooghly, the channel in the Ganges delta which is most easily navigable and on which Calcutta stands.

Calcutta, formerly the capital of British India, still the capital of the Presidency of Bengal. Its place as capital was taken in 1912 by Delhi, the capital of the former Mogul Empire. Calcutta stands on the left bank of the Hooghly, 80 miles from its mouth, and is a great manufacturing city, and a great commercial city. On the opposite side of the city is Howrah. The city, including the suburbs, has a population of about one and a quarter millions.

Ali Vardi Khan, Nawab of Bengal, 1740 to 1756.

Suraja Dowlah, now usually written Siraj-ud-daula, Nawab of Bengal, 1856–7, grandson of Ali Vardi Khan, against whom, before the latter's death, he had taken up arms.

Mr. Drake, a peaceful merchant, who was at the time Governor of Calcutta. Yielding to a disgraceful panic, he, on the approach of Siraj-ud-daula, slipped away down the river in a ship, accompanied by the commandant and all the cowards who could get on board.

Viceroy. The Nawab was Viceroy of Bengal as representative of the Mughal Emperor.

Minchin. "What can be said for Captain Minchin, the military commander, who, valuing his own precious person more than honour and duty, sailed off in the same boat with the Governor?"—*Comprehensive History of India*, Vol. I, p. 541.

held as infamous. This is undoubtedly the estimate of Drake and Minchin when their names are recalled. "A single sloop, with fifteen brave men on board, might, in spite of all the efforts of the enemy, have carried away all who suffered in the dungeon."

Holwell, John Zephaniah (1711 to 1798), surgeon in East India Company, 1732 to 1740, drew up a scheme of reform of Zemindar's Court; was Zemindar in 1751. As member of Council took part in the defence of town against Siraj-ud-daula. He was one of survivors of the Black Hole experience; succeeded Clive as temporary Governor; dismissed from Council for remonstrating against Vansittart's appointment, 1761.

CHAPTER XVIII

the three men: the third man was Captain Young, the commander of the ship.

Ada and the only other European lady. "There is good reason for believing that the prisoners confined included several women, of whom only one survived."—*India*, by V. A. Smith, p. 489.

five lacs of rupees, five hundred thousand rupees, or £50,000 sterling.

Murshidabad, a town in Bengal, the former capital, and still the residence of the Nawab. It is situated on the Bahgorathi arm of the Ganges, a little more than 100 miles from Calcutta. Clive in his time described it as wealthier than London and quite as populous. It has an extensive silk industry, and carries on ivory carving and gold- and silver-lace making.

CHAPTER XIX

sahib = lord or master.

zenana (from *zan*, a woman), the women's quarters; the part of the house set apart for the women.

CHAPTER XX

Falta, the site of an old Dutch factory on the Hooghly, is now in the Diamond Harbour subdivision of Bengal.

Major Kilpatrick. "All the fleet, with the exception of two vessels, the *Cumberland* and *Marlborough*,

on board of which were a considerable proportion of the troops, had reached Falta by the 22nd of December. Major Kilpatrick, also an officer of high reputation, was at that place."—*Memoirs of Lord Clive*, Vol. I, pp. 151–2. "The local authorities, as early as 20th July, had sent a detachment of 230 or 240 men, under Major Kilpatrick, to Bengal, hoping it would be in time to relieve Calcutta, the fall of which was not till 5th August. The climate and conditions at Falta were so deadly that nearly all the men perished. Only about thirty were alive and ten fit for duty when the larger relief force arrived in December."—*India*, V. A. Smith, p. 491.

Manak Chand, called in Malcolm's *Memoirs of Lord Clive*, Monichand. "Monichand, the Governor of Calcutta, attacked us with between two and three thousand horse and foot, and was worsted."—*Memoirs*, Vol. I, p. 153.

a cannon-ball passed close, &c. "Fortunately for Clive Monichand was a coward, and on receiving a ball through the turban was so frightened that he thought only of flight."—*History of India*, Beveridge, Vol. I, p. 553.

CHAPTER XXI

at the first shot. "Clive, with the greater part of his troops, advanced by the high road on Calcutta. Admiral Watson, with the *Kent* and *Tiger*, arrived before him opposite Fort William, and by the force of their cannonade compelled the enemy in a little more than two hours to evacuate the fort and the town."—*India*, Beveridge, Vol. I, p. 554.

Hooghly, an important town in the Hooghly district, 23 miles north of Calcutta, is a former Mohammedan capital. "The booty taken by its capture was estimated by Clive at a lac and a half of rupees (£15,000)."—*Memoirs*. Vol. I, p. 163.

The expedition from a military point of view, &c. "The road was missed; and when the fog cleared, Clive, who found himself at a distance from the point of his intended attack, had to sustain a very sharp action with a part of the Nawab's army, in which he lost besides two field-pieces, one hundred and twenty Europeans, and one hundred sepoys, a great proportion of his small force."—*Memoirs*, Vol. I, p. 176.

CHAPTER XXII

Chandernagore, a French settlement on the Hooghly above Calcutta. It was established in 1688, was captured by Clive in 1757, and restored to France 1816. It has a European quarter with quays and warehouses, but consists mainly of the 'native' or black town.

Meer Jaffier (Mir Jaffar), made Nawab of Bengal after the overthrow of Siraj-ud-daula. He was dethroned in 1761 and restored in 1763.

Bhagarathi (not to be confused with the head stream of the Ganges of the same name), the outlet of the Ganges called lower down the Hooghly. In its upper course it is shallow in the dry season, but is an important trade channel.

Mankarah, or Muncarra, a village 6 miles south of Cossimbazar. "At sunrise, 22nd June, the army began to pass the Hooghly, and at four in the afternoon were all landed on the left bank of the river. The boats were then towed up the stream with great toil, accompanied by the army and, having advanced 15 miles in eight hours, about one in the morning of the 23rd of June reached Plassey."—*Memoirs*, Vol. I, p. 261.

Rajah Dulab Ram, called Raydullub in *History of India* (Beve-

ridge), one of the conspirators against the Nawab Siraj-ud-daula.

CHAPTER XXIII

St. Frais, or Sinfray, the Frenchman in command of the artillery of the Nawab. With 40 Frenchmen and 4 guns he was defending a large tank some 900 yards south of the redoubt. Clive, at the head of a detachment, attacked him, and compelled him to retire to the redoubt.

Mir Mudin Khan, the son of Mohun Loll. He, with 5000 horse and 7000 foot, was stationed behind Sinfray. He was mortally wounded in the charge.

zenana (from a Persian word *zan*, a woman), the part of the house of a Muhammadan set apart for the women.

fakir (from a word meaning poverty), a Muhammadan monk or religious beggar.

Rajmahal, a village on the right bank of the Ganges, now a mere collection of mud huts. The ruins of the old Muhammadan city lie buried in the jungle 4 miles to the west.

Mir Jaffier's brother, Mir Cossim, Mir Jafar's brother-in-law, who was then commander at Rajmahal.

Miran, a worthless youth of seventeen, who, having declared for the murder of the ex-Nawab, was not slow in bribing one to undertake the task.

CHAPTER XXIV

Nellore, a town in Madras, 15 miles west of Arcot, on the River Palar. It has an interesting old fort and a beautiful pagoda. It is one of the British military cantonments.

Governor Pigot, afterwards Baron Pigott, conducted the defence of Madras against Lally with skill and spirit; resigned office, 1763; created baronet, 1764, and Irish baron, 1766.

karkee (from a word *kharki*, meaning dust-coloured), now in common use in the form khaki.

CHAPTER XXV

Permacoil, a place in the South Arcot district of Madras, 6 miles east of Tindivanum. The place was often captured and recaptured by the English and French during the wars in the Carnatic.

Conflans, Marquis de, the officer whom Bussy, when recalled by Lally, had been instructed to leave in command of as large a force as possible to meet the intended British attack.

Anandraz, or Anunderauz, or Ananda Raz, a Raja whose territory lay in the Rajahmundry subdivision of Godavari district of Madras, and who offered the Company his help in recovering Vizagapatam, which had been seized by the French. It was on his proposal, made in July, 1758, that the expedition under Colonel Forde was sent to the Circars.

Circars, the name given to the five northern districts of the Madras Presidency.

CHAPTER XXVI

Colonel Forde. Francis Forde, the conqueror of Masulipatam, was second in command to Clive in Bengal in 1758. He drove the French from the Deccan in 1759, and defeated the Dutch at Chinsura. He was one of the supervisors sent out by the Company in 1769 who disappeared.

CHAPTER XXVII

Masulipatam, a town of Madras, the capital of the district of Kistna. The town is situated on

the Bay of Bengal, and on the north-eastern borders of the Kistna delta.

thranun, usually written *tranun.* Here it seems mistakenly used for some small coin. It really means a blade of grass, a thing of exceedingly small value or importance. "Not worth a tranun" means "not worth a rush".

Salabat Jang, the subahdar of the Deccan who ceded the Circars to the French. He and his brother were surrounded at Udgir by 60,000 Mahrattas, and, after desperate fighting, were forced to submit to the terms imposed upon them.

Colonel Coote. He became afterwards Sir Eyre Coote. He served against the Jacobite rebels in 1745. He commanded a division in the Battle of Plassey. He was made a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1759. He crushed Lally at Wandiwash, 1760, and took Pondicherry, 1761. He went to Madras as Commander-in-Chief, 1769. He went to India as Commander-in-Chief, 1777; was sent to Madras against Hyder Ali, 1771; raised the siege of Wandewash, 1781; defeated Hyder Ali at Porto Novo, 1781, and died in December of that year.

CHAPTER XXIX

Colombo, the chief seaport and modern capital of Ceylon. The harbour has been greatly improved by a huge breakwater. The town has a large trade, and is a touching-place for a great many lines of steamers. Railway lines run fr Colombo into the interior, and it connected also with India by Pa Straits.

air of the hills. The south-we of Ceylon is mountainous. Th highest mountain, Pedro Tallagall rises to a height of over 8000 ft so there are numerous health re sorts in Ceylon.

Perimbé, a place about 3 mil due west of Pondicherry, w where the English encamped o the 17th of July, when they bega the attack on Pondicherry in 176

Ariangopang, the name of th stream or river north of the mout of which Pondicherry stands.

Vellenore lies about 1 mile sout of Perimbé, and nearly 3 mile west of Pondicherry, on a branch of the Ariangopang. It was capture by Coote at the beginning of th siege.

Ariangopang Fort, a redoub on the right bank of the Ariangopang. The fort protected th passage of the river by which the Mysoreans joined Lally.

Trinomalai, or Tiruvannamalai a town in the South Arcot distric of Madras. Its hill and templ command the Chengam Pass into Salem, and they played a very important part in the Wars of the Carnatic, being repeatedly attacked and captured between 1753 and 1790.

Valdore redoubt, a fairly strong fortification lying to the north-west of Pondicherry.

North redoubt, a fortification close to the shore and lying north of the Madras redoubt.

PRINTED AND BOUND IN GREAT BRITAIN
By Blackie & Son, Limited, Glasgow